

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 767—Vol. XXX.]

NEW YORK, JUNE 11, 1870.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1 00.]

PACIFIC RAILROADS—ENCOURAGING RESULTS AND PROSPECTS.

The successful working of the present Pacific Railroad has happily relieved the apprehensions which our people very naturally entertained. The haste with which the great work was constructed led many to fear that crash after crash would be terribly felt at various points of the long line. Yet, as far as we have heard, there has been, proportionately, quite as little accident thereon as on shorter lines in the other portions of the land. And then the winter communication—who could

have imagined, beforehand, that such exemption from delay would be experienced?—over the vast prairies, as well as among the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas! We mention the prairies as well as the mountains, for delays from snow-drifts were dreaded on the one almost as much as on the other. Yet the record of two winters is almost equally favorable in both respects. Travelers and freight have been seldom and little delayed, and experience thus far certainly adds greatly to the satisfaction we may all enjoy at the completion of this first great enterprise in crossing the continent by steam.

The success of the present road gives cheering stimulus to other projects. On northern and southern routes the example of the Central Line is having a good effect. The country surveyed for the Northern road is far better suited to railroad purposes than the regions along the existing line. The snows are less severe, and the country generally is well suited to invite speedy and prosperous settlement. It is gratifying to know that the enterprise is in the hands of men whose successful moneyed operations, heretofore, warrant belief in a plentiful supply of funds, and guarantee the prudent management of the work.

The Southern Line, engineered by General Fremont and others, is also steadily pressing forward, and seems to meet with favor from foreign as well as domestic capitalists. The location of this route frees it from apprehensions of winter delays, and it has other advantages; yet the most northerly route now projected will probably more readily attract energetic settlers, as the current of emigration from Europe and from our Eastern States sets strongly in that direction.

Wishing well to all the routes, we notice the success of the Central Line with peculiar satisfaction, from the stimulant which its success



THE ARREST, NEAR THE CANADIAN BORDER, OF THE FENIAN GENERAL O'NEILL, IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS "ARMY," BY U. S. MARSHAL, GENERAL GEORGE FOSTER, AND HIS ASSISTANT, ON THE 25TH OF MAY, 1870.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 195.

gives for running new lines on more favorable routes. There is room enough for all, and for double tracks on each; for the increased facilities will quickly be utilized by the multitudes looking for new homes and fresh fields for enterprise in the vast regions between the Mississippi River and the Pacific coast.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JUNE 11, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are imposters.

THE NATIONAL "DECORATION DAY," AND OUR DUTIES TO SURVIVING SUFFERERS.

Accounts from all parts of the Union show that the annual tribute to our departed soldiery loses nothing of its hold on the sympathies of the loyal community. Men, women and children, nearly everywhere, are showing that the graves of the patriotic dead are watched with a solicitude worthy of the benefits conferred by their occupants while struggling gallantly in the battle-field in defense of our national existence.

The custom—for a popular custom it has become—is more appropriate than any law which could be made for enforcing its observance. The refusal of Congress to ordain it as an official holiday indicates proper confidence in that generous popular sentiment which has already dedicated the day to the sacred duty of decorating the tombs of the Martyrs of Freedom. Let that custom rely for its continuance on the generous sentiment of a community which appreciates the services of the heroic dead—a community that honors itself by honoring the tombs of its brave defenders. The custom will derive strength, for long ages, from every recurrence of the patriotic exercises that hallow our "National Decoration Day."

The war of the rebellion has left among us thousands upon thousands, whose claims on our sympathies should be warmly appreciated by all generous minds. The National Society of the "Grand Army of the Republic" should take the lead in enjoining on all its members, and on all other humane people, the warmest exercise of that benevolence which is so much needed by the suffering families of the gallant dead. The crippled and health-broken survivors should also be kindly and promptly relieved. It is disgraceful to the community to find that so many of those living victims of the war are compelled to seek a wretched subsistence by grinding organs, or begging in our streets. Every "Post" of the "Grand Army" should be specially charged with the duty of ascertaining the names of sufferers, and relieving their wants, as far as practicable. Employment of some light kind may be found for veterans who are now destitute of comfort, and their women and children may also be benefited in the same way. This is one of the most sacred duties, and cannot be neglected without detracting from the credit attached to the observance of the "Decoration Day." Many who joined in the floral and other honors at the patriot graves would rejoice to aid in any organized efforts for relieving the living sufferers. Let the officers of the "Grand Army of the Republic" lead in this humane course, and the people will cordially respond throughout the length and breadth of the land.

GOOD DEEDS NEVER DIE.

The two papers recently read before the New York Historical Society by Mr. Bigelow and Mr. Parton, on the life and character of Beaumarchais, have many points of interest. Not only did they draw public attention to a man little known by our world, but as what little was known of him was of such diverse character, that probably many thought that the author of "The Barber of Seville" and "The Marriage of Figaro" was quite a different man from the courtier at Versailles, or the financial agent of Louis XVI., having the principal negotiations with this country, and furnishing ammunition and various supplies during our Revolutionary war.

Shakespeare said of men generally, that "in their lives they played many parts." Beaumarchais played more than most men and all well.

Mr. Parton ascribes to him no unimportant part in stirring up the popular heart of the French people by his writings, till the final result was the French Revolution, and the people were forever freed from the thralldom and vassalage under which they were held by the nobles and king.

Mr. Bigelow, from authentic letters, throws much light upon his relations with our government, heretofore greatly misunderstood, and especially referred to the financial settlement of the claims of Beaumarchais, in which he

more than intimated that our government, in this settlement, showed little gratitude for his valuable and really disinterested services, and made a very hard bargain with him, as the settlement proved. It would scarcely seem feasible to reopen this account at this late day, for the purpose of paying to his heirs a debt of a century old; yet this was what seemed to be the gist of Mr. Bigelow's paper.

One thing, however, we may learn from these papers—viz., the certain recognition and ultimate reward of good and earnest work, conscientious performance of duty, and generous self-devotion.

Beaumarchais, from no hope of pecuniary profit, sought to succor this country in the trying times of '76. There may have been some feeling of opposition to Great Britain, but his main feeling was sympathy with our cause.

To-day, after the lapse of a full century, Beaumarchais' name resounds over the country, and Buckle's theories receive thereby fresh support.

Those void of posthumous renown may gather new courage from this resuscitation, and new encouragement is afforded thereby to uprightness and virtuous enthusiasm in well-doing. In former days, death, destruction, and forgetfulness were closely allied. To-day the press, and public libraries utterly forbid; more enduring than the pyramids, the press will perpetuate every remarkable act for the public good, and the groping historian, after ages shall have rolled by, will add your deed to a collection of similar ones, perhaps hold it in some fitting setting for general admiration.

The wonderful importance of the veriest trifles are here made conspicuous. A small pebble thrown into the bed of a mighty river, is sometimes the nucleus around which drifting sands may settle, and thus may turn its current, so as either to spread new vegetation and beauty all around, or to destroy vast territories and overthrow the lofty hills. Beaumarchais' few words were the originators of new dynasties, the death of hundreds of thousands of people, the enfranchisement of whole nations, and the elevation of humanity.

The religious Hindoo refuses to tread upon a piece of paper in his path, lest on it might be written the name of God, which he fears to desecrate; how much better it would be, if we, in the same spirit, should take heed what idea we put upon paper, by not fully appreciating its force, ignorant of the aggregated power it may yet attain.

AQUATIC SPORTS AND LABOR.

NOW THAT the boat clubs are preparing for their summer operations, it would be interesting to many to know whether any improvements have been made in the form of the oar, concerning which some suggestions were made in these columns last year, about the time of the "International Race" between Oxford and Harvard. One of our philosophic writers (the Hon. Thomas Ewbank), whose eyes are always turned toward the best modes of economizing labor, mentioned the curious fact that the form of oar-blade best adapted to the object is that used by one of the lowest classes of savages—the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego.

We gave an engraving of it last year, with the hope that some intelligent members of our numerous boat clubs would try experiments with blades of this character. We looked particularly to the collegians—the young men of Harvard, Yale, and others of their kind—in the supposition that the rivalry between them would probably lead to some trials in a matter that can cost so little.

If an improvement can be made in the form of the oar, the advantages would reach far beyond the strife of boat clubs for aquatic honors. It would benefit the multitudes who are compelled to "row their own boats," or the boats of others, for an honest livelihood. The adoption of an improvement would reflect credit on the individual or boat club that introduces it, while it would render boat-racing less dependent on mere brute strength than it now is. If any trials have been made, it would be interesting to many to learn the results; and, as we invited attention to the subject last year, we now solicit information from any persons or clubs that may have tried the experiment.

POLYGAMY VS. MONOGAMY.—Brigham Young, the Seer and much-mated chieftain of the Mormons, is a bold man; or else, driven to the wall by repeated and severe attacks on his plural system of marriage, turns, like a rat, blindly and viciously on his assailants, and challenges them to meet him in the presence of his following in the Temple at Salt Lake City, and defend their monogamic against his polygamic doctrines. A few weeks ago, the Rev. Dr. Newman, of Washington, delivered an able and exhaustive discourse on the phases of marriage which were entertained in the days of the patriarchs and subsequently—under the second dispensation—and proved, to the satisfaction of those who listened to him, that the great seers, leaders and prophets of the Israelites were never divinely permitted to

enter into any other relation with women than, the founder of Christianity countenanced and taught; and that when they allied themselves to more than one wife, they could not rest their conduct on any higher law than the accident society sanctioned. It appears that Brigham Young read Dr. Newman's sermon, and, becoming irritated by its logic, and feeling that he was indeed "standing in a slippery place," as we have stated, challenged him to a polemical duel. Dr. Newman, strong in his convictions, has accepted, and will immediately, it is stated, proceed to the capital of Utah, and, if possible, "let light into dark places." And here the question arises: Should Dr. Newman happily convert the followers of Brigham Young to the monogamic state, what will become of the thousands of fractional "better-halves" with which the territory of the Saints abounds? It is said that it is not an easy matter to teach an old bird a new trick—and it may so happen that the Mormons, of both sexes, will, in any event, follow the lesson of the ancient but contradictory distich—

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still"—
and so give the reverend apostle from Washington a long journey for nothing.

A BRIDGE TO STATEN ISLAND.—Toward the close of the last session of the Legislature, a bill was passed to incorporate a company with power to build a causeway for the purpose of facilitating travel between Staten Island and New York city. This bill the Governor of the State has officially approved by attaching his signature thereto. It is understood that the necessary capital has been subscribed, and that work on the bridge will be speedily commenced. A morning paper, referring to the project, says of it: "The effect of this is not generally understood, although it will be of great moment, both as regards the facilities which it aims to supply, and the changed aspect it will impart to New York harbor. It is intended to carry a bridge on piles, from the shore near New Brighton and about opposite Constable's Point, over the rocks and shallows, past Robbins' Reef Light and Bedloe's Island to Ellis's Island, which is about as near the Battery as Jersey City. On this bridge, which will be somewhat less than five miles long, a railroad is to be constructed, on which it is expected the distance from Staten Island to Ellis's Island will be traversed in about ten minutes. Ferry-boats will run from the latter point to the Battery in three or four minutes more. The result of this will be to place the city of New York and the sixty square miles of Richmond County at one-half the distance from each other, as measured by time, that they now are."

"LOYAL."—The London *Times*, commenting on the proclamation issued by the President, warning persons in the United States against invading, with hostile intention, the territory of a power with which the Republic is at peace, pronounces him "loyal." Very good. When he insists on the British Government liquidating the claims citizens of this country hold against it for damage done them in the destruction of their ships on the high seas by a piratical vessel built, armed, and manned in her own waters, will the *Times* then land him for his loyalty? Certainly, if enforcing justice in favor of British interest is loyal, his doing so against it in behalf of the aggrieved cannot, even by the great organ of English opinion, be regarded as treasonable.

AN IMPORTANT PROJECT.—The project is revived of a ship canal from Canyhuawaga, an Indian village on the river St. Lawrence, nine miles above Montreal, to the outlet of Lake Champlain. The Parliament of the Dominion chartered a company for its construction. With the enlarged Champlain canal and the Niagara ship canal—or, what would be better, a ship canal from Lake Simcoe to Lake Ontario—this will give ship communication from Chicago and Milwaukee to the city of New York.

Or the inmates of our State-prisons, 28 per cent. are returned as wholly illiterate; 70 per cent. as intemperate, and 77 per cent. as never having learned a trade. These figures show to what a fearful extent ignorance, drink, the want of industrial training, and idleness and evil associations, as the combined results of all, are stimulants or occasions of crime. It may be added that 65 per cent. are of foreign birth.

AUCTION SALE OF AN ARTESIAN WELL.—At an auction in Charleston, on the 6th of June next, an article will be sold which would scarcely attract Mrs. Toodles herself. It is the Artesian Well in White Point Garden, to be sold to satisfy an execution held by the executors of George Gibbon for overdue city stock, amounting to about \$40,000.

"The Artesian Well," says a Charleston paper, "was for many years a pet project. Water was first struck at a depth of one thousand seven hundred or one thousand eight hundred feet, some eighteen years ago. This encouraged the city to undertake the sinking of a larger shaft, and the work was proceeding satisfactorily, when the war began. All operations

were then suspended, and when the war ended, the new shaft was found to be clogged.

"Many ineffectual attempts have been made to remove the obstructions, and the well property is now under lease for a term of years. The water, which is supplied by the smaller shaft, is not pleasant to the unaccustomed taste, but is of great medicinal value. In cases of dyspepsia it is said to be a really certain cure. At one time it was hoped that all Charleston might be supplied with Artesian water, and large sums were offered the city for a lease of the well.

"The White Point Garden, or South Bay Battery, is our prettiest promenade. From it is obtained a fine view of our grand harbor—a well as of the placid waters of the Ashley and Cooper Rivers. In the summer evenings, it is crowded with the good people of Charleston, all eager to scent the fresh breeze, and enjoy the beauties of the scene. White Point Garden has been in its present shape for about twenty years."

THE LAW TO ENFORCE THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.—The bill to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution was passed by the Senate, on the 25th ult., by a strict party vote. The signature of the President makes it a law of the land.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF ILLINOIS.—The Constitution just prepared by the Convention of Illinois is generally praised. It has a singular provision in it, however, to the effect that no subsequent convention shall have power to amend it!

TEETHING.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

THE teeth are the source of an immense amount of suffering and trouble to the human race. Animals very rarely suffer in the wild state. The young get their milk-teeth, shed these, and their permanent set succeeds, with no trouble that is apparent to us. In the state of nature they rarely decay, and none but elephants, in the tame state, ever have toothache, or any decay of the teeth, of which we are aware. But the human animal—and the more civilized the more troubled he is—from the cradle to the grave, finds in these organs a constant source of disease and annoyance.

When about six months old, the child commences to bite while nursing, to seize upon every article within his reach, and, carrying them to his mouth, to press his boneless gums upon them. The finger, placed in the mouth, will find the gums most generally hotter than natural, and somewhat protuberant in either the under or upper pair, or both.

Teeth usually come in sets of four, two upper and two lower. They often do appear very irregularly, sometimes the eye-teeth first, and indeed occasionally a molar, or double tooth, appears before any other; but usually it is the four front-teeth, first the two, either upper or lower, and then about a week after, the other pair. Then comes a rest of six or eight weeks, and then two on either side of those that first appeared, and after an interval of a week or ten days, the corresponding ones in the other jaw.

After another delay of a month or two, and the first four molars appear in the same manner. Again, a similar rest, and the next four molars, to be followed by another respite of about the same time, or a little longer, and then the eye and stomach-teeth appear. It will be some months still before the final grinders fill the set, and this first teething is accomplished.

How easy it is to describe all this, and how hard is the performance! If the poor little darlings suffer in getting their mouthful correspondingly to what I did in getting four miserable wisdom-teeth, born to rot unseen and waste their perfume—Lord, how I pity them!

And I have no doubt they do suffer. Feel their hot gums, their burning brows. See how the irritation is transferred to their vital organs, and their sweet food sours on their sympathizing stomachs, and they vomit its acid curds and their suffering bowels reject it, green and noisome. Their heated gums draw the blood to the head, and perhaps they are seized with convulsions. Yes, indeed, suffering and teeth are identical.

And the physician endeavors to relieve the convulsions by drawing the blood away from the head by hot applications to the extremities, and by cooling applications to the throbbing brows. The teeth are restrained from protruding by some delay in the absorption of the thick pericostal membrane overlaying the tooth, and with a lancet he divides this retarding band, and liberates the teeth, and, relieved of the pressure, and also by the slight loss of blood from the over-loaded vessels, the pain is assuaged, the sympathetic convulsion passes away, and this difficulty ceases.

Occasionally a child bleeds to death from the cutting of the gums, and parents sometimes wrongly blame the physicians for having done so. This is altogether an error. The doctor may have neither cut unskillfully nor improperly. Had the gums not been divided, the child would probably have died from the congestion of the brain and convulsion. The bleeding that resulted was from the unsuspected existence of another disease, called *purpura hemorrhagica*, which is a disease of the blood, and which would have manifested itself shortly in dysentery, or in blood-spots, appearing under the skin, nose-bleed, etc., etc.

Parents greatly err when they object to cutting the gums. The instances of any serious hemorrhage are extremely rare. Should there chance to be any bleeding after cutting the gums, the mother would do well to send again for the physician; but, not waiting for him, endeavor to arrest the flow by putting a piece of ice upon the cut. If that does not arrest it, a piece of alum, sharpened to a point, and put into the cut itself, will probably stop it almost immediately. The doctor, when he comes, will be very apt to put a bit of cotton, moistened

with the solution of the per-chloride of iron, or some other equally powerful astringent into the wound.

It is a good rule, before dividing the gums, to examine the child's body and limbs carefully, to see if there be any purple spots or marks, like the black and yellow discolorations from a bruise, upon them. If these are found to be present, it is unsafe to cut the gums; and this generally trivial operation should not be ventured upon, unless the exigencies of the case are so great as to render it desirable to run the risk of the unfortunate occurrence alluded to.

A more common, and often coincident symptom, is the disturbance of the digestive apparatus, manifesting itself in chronic diarrhoea, with accompanying vomitings, and, in this country, what is called the "summer-complaint" of children.

Another article will be requisite to allude to this fearful scourge of New York, and this country generally. It is scarcely known in Europe, where the heat is not sufficiently intense to develop it with characteristic virulence.

THE FENIAN INVASION OF CANADA.

THE Fenians, having for several months past maintained a remarkable degree of secrecy and quietude, have again taken to the offensive, and entered upon the invasion of Canada. It would appear, that while there was much diversity of opinion among the leaders in each faction of the brotherhood, a general understanding existed that a raid would be made across the border line on a certain day. On Sunday, May 22d, Fenians, in various numbers, began congregating at different points along the line in the States of New York and Vermont; while throughout these States, as well as the West, the work of concentration and organization was carried on in a manner which suggested that some highly important movement was about to be made. On Monday, that portion of Canada which was the scene of the Fenian raid of 1866 became intensely excited, and the authorities promptly set about effecting arrangements looking to the repulse of the invaders. Meanwhile the work of enlisting went on, and the prominent railroad trains of Northern New York and Vermont carried large bodies of men, fully armed and accoutred, to Malone, New York, and St. Albans, Vermont. The men refused to state their destination, or the object of their movements; and though their designs were apparent, it was difficult to surmise at what point the act of invasion would be made. So rapid and thorough was the work of transportation, that, by Tuesday, there were at Burlington, Vermont, over one thousand men awaiting the word of advance; and at St. Albans, nearly three. Reinforcements came pouring in from every quarter, and the earnestness of the movement was so clear, that President Grant issued a proclamation on the 24th, cautioning all citizens of the United States against countenancing this unlawful proceeding.

The plan of the campaign consisted of a move against the Winnipeg Territory, the California, Minnesota, and Illinois Fenians being depended on for that part of the work. The steel cannon and arms which the British expedition was bringing to bear on Riel and the Winnipegians, were to be captured. The other raid was to be made at the Eastern frontier, at a point intermediate between Toronto and Montreal. To this end the Fenians were shipped to Malone, Rochester, Troy, St. Albans, Burlington, Plattsburg, and other towns near the New York and Vermont frontiers.

On the 25th, the first engagement took place near Cooks Corners, St. Arnaud, C. E. About 11:30, General O'Neill ordered an advance of the Fenian forces on the New Dominion, and, skirmishers being deployed, they proceeded north from their rendezvous about half a mile to a brick house, the residence of Alvah Richards, where the British troops opened a sharp fire of musketry on them, killing three men, and wounding several others.

The men in the engagement were under the personal command of General O'Neill. The general himself, previous to opening the battle, addressed his men briefly in complimentary terms, to which Captain Cronan, of the Burlington, Vt., company, who had the advance, briefly replied. The general directed the movements of his men with the greatest coolness, and was several times in imminent danger, his presence being recognized by the enemy, for whom he was, for a considerable time, a target; but he escaped unhurt, only to be caught, as he emerged from the field of battle, by General Foster, United States Marshal, and made a prisoner for violation of the neutrality laws.

After skirmishing about an hour, General O'Neill drew back his forces from the brow of the hill, for the purpose of rest. The general, in company with Boyle O'Reilly, walked down the side of the hill and entered the parlor of the brick house, encountering General George Foster, who, with his deputy, Thomas Falley, of St. Albans, was seated in the parlor. He reached out his hand, but the greeting was refused; and General Foster, placing his hand on O'Neill's shoulder, said, "I arrest you, by virtue of my authority as a District Marshal of the United States."

"Sir," exclaimed General O'Neill, starting back as he spoke, "I shall resist your arrest."

"It will be useless, sir," replied General Foster.

"But, sir, I am armed."

"So am I," said the general. "John, open the carriage-door. Now, Mr. O'Neill, get in, or I will throw you in. I am going to take you to St. Albans, right through the midst of your men, and if you make the slightest outcry, I will shoot you dead."

Resistance was useless, as the general had said, and O'Neill placed himself in the carriage and was driven to St. Albans, where, in default

of \$20,000 bail, he was lodged in the Burlington jail.

The battle was resumed, but the engagement lasted only a few minutes, when the Fenians fell back, having several of their number killed and wounded, among the latter General Donnelly, of Utica, N. Y., who was shot in the spine. General John H. Gleason, of Richmond, Va., then assumed command of the forces, and on the morning of the 27th, an engagement occurred at Trout River, in which the Fenians were routed.

A large force of United States troops were posted along the line, and every effort has been made to sustain the neutrality laws.

THE RECEPTION OF THE NINTH REGIMENT.

A BALL in June (or near it)—a public ball at the Academy of Music, in the summer time (or near it), is suggestive, as a general rule, of heat and discomfort; but, fortunately for all concerned, the night of Friday, May 27, 1870, was cool, almost cold, and, in consequence, the crowds who congregated at the Academy, from a little before midnight to a little after morning, on the occasion of the Reception of the Ninth Regiment, Col. James Fisk, Jr., commanding, enjoyed themselves to the top of their bent, entirely independent of the almanac.

In all respects, the affair was a success, and, spite of the ideas entertained in certain quarters, of the "eccentricities" of the celebrated colonel of the Ninth, the tone of the reception was strictly "orthodox." The spirit of the ball was intensely respectable, while its details were intensely regal.

The great feature of the evening was the music, which was undoubtedly superior to anything ever previously attempted at a public ball in this country. Not only was it of superabundant quantity—never for a moment ceasing, the promenade music bursting into melody, ere the delirious dance-strains had ceased, but its quality was of the very first order of merit, and several new compositions were, on this occasion, for the first time given to the world.

The decorations were elegantly simple, consisting of stars, floral ornaments, etc., with perfumes gratis; and the scene was animated in the extreme.

The public supper was by Delmonico, and sustained the well-earned reputation of that popular caterer. In the *prima donna's* room, a private supper was served about midnight, to Governor Hoffman, General Shaler, and a number of other distinguished guests, civil and military, at which the health of Colonel Fisk, and other dignitaries, was drunk with vigor. Mr. Director-Admiral-Colonel Fisk returned thanks in a neat speech, in which, replying to some jocose allusions to his rotundity, he signified his intentions to procure a *curved* musket to correspond to the proportions of his figure. And thus the time passed pleasantly.

The ladies were out in full force and beauty, and embraced many representatives of our local aristocracy and best families, with a sprinkling of the talented and professional element.

Not the slightest sign of rowdiness manifested itself. There were absolutely no disturbances whatever; and, in fact, the Reception of the Ninth Regiment, at the Academy of Music, May 27, 1870, was a credit alike to its colonel, the regiment, the National Guard, and the metropolis.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Vote of Confidence in Louis Napoleon and his Empire.

The crisis of the 8th of May is over, and Paris is once more tranquil. The people have been appealed to by the Emperor, and they have responded by a vote of several millions in favor of the Empire as it is. We present herewith illustrations of several scenes prior, during, and subsequent to the counting of the ballots. These are: The bivouac of the troops in the Luxembourg, where, as in other parts of the city, they were stationed to preserve order and repress symptoms of riot; the assembling of the people in the Salle Molere, to hear the returns of the election; and a large crowd collected before the Chateau d'Eau to see the counting of the votes. These events have been so fully described in the morning papers, that it is not necessary to enlarge upon them here.

The Funeral Ceremonies over Prince Demidoff.

We give an illustration of one of the scenes at the funeral of Prince Demidoff, who died at Paris on the 29th of April. Prince Demidoff was Russian by birth, but most of his life was passed in Paris. It is there that he exercised his large and discriminating charities, and there he founded the celebrated San Donato gallery of paintings, sculptures and works of art, which were recently sold at auction. The prince was of middle stature, pleasant and agreeable manners, and possessed a polished and highly cultivated mind.

A Museum of Archaeology in the Alhambra, Granada.

An exceedingly interesting ceremony took place, some time since, in the Alhambra of Granada, Spain. It was the inauguration of a museum of archaeology in the Hall of the Emirs—one of the best-preserved portions of that grand old edifice which has withstood the wear and tear of centuries, the theme of poets and of artists, and which is, perhaps, the best specimen of Moorish architecture extant. It is hardly necessary to enter into a detailed description of this building, as it has already been fully described in the charming "History of Granada," from the pen of the late Washington Irving.

The Murders by Brigands in Greece.

Last week we gave a view of the plain of Marathon, the scene of the recent massacre; and in this issue we present our readers with illustrations of the encampment of the brigands, with their prisoners, at Oropos, and the funeral ceremonies of the victims at Athens, which was attended by the king and municipal authorities. The brigands, after dispersing the guard which had accompanied the tourists, and despoiling the conveyances of everything portable, commenced a rapid flight to their mountain fastnesses, where

they would be secure from all pursuit. The brigands made a short stop at Oropos, much against their will, to allow their prisoners time for rest and refreshment, as they were much exhausted by the forced march over the rugged mountain roads, and also to furnish them a necessary change of apparel. On the next morning the highwaymen resumed their night toward the mountains; but, encumbered as they were by prisoners, who sought, by every pretext in their power, to detain them, they were overtaken, after a pursuit of four or five days, by the soldiery sent out by the Greek Government immediately on hearing of the outrage, and an engagement ensued, during which the brigands, seeing that they would inevitably be worsted, destroyed their prisoners. The greater part of the brigands were captured, and carried in chains to Athens, where they were executed. The greatest sorrow and distress were then manifested; and sympathy and assistance were tendered the wives and relations of the victims on all sides. The king visited Mrs. Lloyd in person, and expressed his sympathy for her in her bereavement, and offered every assistance in his power. The funeral was made the occasion of a popular manifestation; the streets and houses of the city were lined on each side with an anxious, eager multitude, as the *cortège* passed, followed by Mrs. Lloyd, Mr. Muncester—who escaped from the brigands; King George; M. Soutzos, Minister of War; French, English, and Italian Ambassadors and Secretaries of Legation, and the foreign residents.

The Amsterdam Ship-Canal—The King of Holland Laying the Foundation Stone of the Locks.

Every person who has studied the topography of Amsterdam and the country surrounding it is aware of the peculiar situation of its port, near the confluence of an inland piece of water, called the Lake Y, or IJ, with the Zuider or South Sea, which washes the eastern shore of the North Holland peninsula. The only natural approach for maritime traffic to Amsterdam was by the circumnavigation of this peninsula, through the Helder strait, and by a winding channel through the shallow expanse of the Zuider Zee; finally, by crossing a bar or sandbank, called the Pampus, at the entrance to the Y inlet, just below the city. There is but ten feet depth of water over the Pampus, and vessels had to be lifted by "camels," in order to get them into port. To avoid this inconvenience, and the risk of traversing the Zuider Zee, a distance of seventy-eight miles to the Helder, the North Holland Canal was long ago made, which passes by Alkmaar and farther northward to the Helder, having a length of fifty-two miles. The Amsterdam Sea Canal, which is to be only fifteen miles and a half in length, will place that great commercial city in direct maritime communication with a new artificial port to be formed on the North Sea coast, near Haarlem, and just opposite the coast of Suffolk. On the 29th ult., the King, in the presence of a large concourse, formally laid the corner-stone of the principal lock, under which was placed, in a metal casket, an account of the proceedings, the origin of the canal, and the names of those interested in its construction.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

RATS.—The following incident was told to us the other day by a gentleman, who vouches for the truth of it, and which happened close to his residence. A rat, nearly white with age, and blind, was frequently seen led to the water by a young rat, by means of a straw, of which the old rat held one end, and the young rat the other. This incident corroborates a similar statement given by Jesse in his "Gleanings of Natural History."

SULPHUROUS ACID.—The fact has long been known that sulphurous acid absolutely prevented the fermentation of ordinarily fermentable things. In the year 1849, a considerable amount of sugar-cane juice, charged in Barbadoes with sulphurous acid, was brought to this country, unchanged, and its full complement of sugar extracted. The cider-maker, wishing to produce sweet cider, had long been in the habit of sulphuring his casks, as he called the process, *i. e.*, burning a sulphur-match inside the bung-hole before turning in his yet-fermented cider. What he wished to effect was thus actually effected—the sugar yet present, but which under the ordinary march of fermentation would have been changed to alcohol, remained sugar, the cider kept sweet. Another illustration. Certain makers of fruit-preserveds had discovered, by reasoning or practice, that by rinsing out their preserve-vessels with the soluble bisulphite of lime, fermentation of the preserves was obviated. Gradually we see an accumulation of evidence leading up to more than one practical point. Next followed the announcement by a member of the medical profession that sulphite of lime was, so far as his experience went, an almost absolute cure for choleraic diarrhoea—a symptom that, in times when cholera prevails, runs on to cholera itself. Other medical men tried this agent in their practice; and, having established its character, sulphite of lime is now sold for that purpose by most dispensing chemists. Next dawned the idea that sulphurous acid used in some form might be probably efficacious in the preservation of meat. Professor Gamgee devoted himself to the necessary experiments, which, so far as they have gone, are wholly successful. By the adoption of his process, the details of which it is unnecessary here to give, carcasses of animals home-killed have been rendered, so to speak, incorruptible. It remains yet to be seen whether the process be efficient to protect carcasses packed in the hold of a ship during a voyage from South America.

ALPACAS AND MOHAIRS.

THE very extensive sales of alpacas and mohairs that have been effected during the past two or three years is a matter of great surprise to those persons who have not closely observed the movements of the leading dry-goods houses of this city. To us there is nothing specially strange in the greatly increased sales of these goods, for, in the first place, they possess real merit; and, in the second place, they have been brought into the foreground by a judicious use of the printing press on the part of a few of our most enterprising merchants.

We supposed that we had a fair knowledge of this subject, but we were much astonished, a few days since, when we learned the facts relative to the immense sales of the "Buffalo Alpaca Brand" and the "Beaver" Mohair Brand, which have taken the lead of all others in the market, and which are so highly recommended by the leading fashion journals throughout the country.

For ladies' wear, winter or summer, there are few goods more durable or more elegant. The mohairs, being somewhat lighter and having more lustre, have been in demand for summer, but the Buffalo brand of alpacas, being heavier goods, are especially preferable for fall and winter.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE latest London burlesque is on "Guy Fawkes."

MRS. V. ALLER has been acting the part of Iago in Providence, R. I., with great success.

THE "Black Crook" was abandoned in Albany, N. Y., after a poor business of four weeks.

DE SOLLA, of the Parepa-Rosa troupe, is to marry Eliza Wetherby, a Lydia Thompson blonde.

"DON JUAN" has been produced at the Opera House in Berlin for the four hundredth time.

It is now confidently stated that Mlle. Nilsson's tour in this country is to be managed by Mr. P. T. Barnum.

CHANFRAU has made quite a sensation in Chicago, in "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler," which has been rewritten.

THE "Prompter's Box," by Byron, was recently produced at the Boston Museum for the first time in America.

SELWYN'S Theatre, Boston, is to be called "The Shakespeare" henceforth. Mr. Arthur Cheney is now the sole owner.

THE King of Bavaria has nearly ready an opera, the libretto of which will be adopted from one of Goethe's minor comedies.

At Patti's recent failure in Paris, in the Huguenots, she was not hissed, but the audience left the house. She has taken the matter much to heart.

THE New York Liederkreis Society has contributed \$3,215 to the German Hospital Fund—the gross proceeds of the concert lately given at Steinway Hall.

CHARLES GAYLOR's comedy, "Taking the Chances," was reproduced at Booth's Theatre on Monday, May 30th. It was first acted in New York in 1855.

MISS EDITH ABELL, who was here two years ago with Caroline Richings, is in Milan, singing in opera as a pupil of Sanziovanna, who is sanguine as to her future.

LUCCA, who is singing at the Royal Opera in Berlin, appears on the stage decorated with the two orders of merit which she has won—those of Weimar and Coburg.

MR. BOUCICAULT has arranged with Mr. Charles Dickens to dramatize "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." He is also engaged on a new Irish drama of the day, entitled "The Raparee."

On the morning of the day when the second performance of Wagner's "Meistersinger" took place at Berlin, thirty francs were asked for places, which, in the evening went begging for twelve sous.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL fell among the Fenians on their way to Canada, and were unable to get into Montreal to keep their engagement. They sail for Europe in the "City of Brussels," on the 15th of June.

CANTISSA, the bright little opera singer, who was in this country two or three years ago, very nearly sacrificed her complexion to the jealousy of some one in the company, who had put a certain acid in her cosmetics.

A CONCERT on a magnificent scale has just been given, under the patronage of the Czar, at St. Petersburg, at which the executants numbered 1,130, including a choir of 100 voices from the Imperial chapel.

MILWAUKEE has resolved to build a theatre to cost \$125,000, and to stand on the corner of East Water and Oneida Streets, opposite the City Hall. It is to seat 1,200 persons, the seats in parquet and dress circle being easy chairs.

THEY have a new contralto in Miss Marie Benchley, of Providence. She proposes to sing in Hartford, and the various cities of New England and the West, during the summer, with the ultimate design of completing her musical education in Europe.

In Germany, a certain drama called the "Curse of Galilee," aimed against the Ecumenical Council, is received with favor. Lately it was played at Graz, and caused various invectives to be hurled at the Council. The words, "ye accursed priestly inquisitors!" called forth a thunder of applause.

THE Kingdom of Greece has hitherto had to get on as well as it could without a national air. At last the great Hellenic nation could stand it no longer. A German composer, August Von Adelberg, was sent for; a national hymn was ordered from him; and, a few weeks ago, it was executed in presence of the sovereign and the whole royal family.

NILSSON recently sang before the Empress at the Tuilleries. Her Majesty inquired if it was true she was going to the United States, and on Christine's reply in the affirmative, set herself to work in the most gallant but earnest manner to oppose it. Nilsson replied that she would be glad to cancel her engagement, if possible, on account of the inducements made her by the Empress to stay in Paris.

On the 23d, "The Corsican Brothers" was acted at the French Theatre—after elaborate and expensive preparation—for the first time in several years. Mr. Fechter represented the Brothers Franchi, with that consummate skill which has long since distinguished him in the Old World; and now that he has given it to us it must claim by its excellence an equal recognition here. Miss Leclercq appeared as Emile de Lespays, and, in two slight scenes, expressed the sensitive dignity of virtuous womanhood in an exquisite manner. The support was excellent, and the representation of the drama in every way successful.

In Paris it is proposed to found a Scandinavian Benevolent Society, of which the blonde-haired Christine Nilsson is to be the chief supporter and promoter. It appears that the success of Mlle. Nilsson has drawn to Paris a number of Scandinavian girl singers. Nilsson is to give a concert, at which she is to appear supported by a national chorus of Swedish, Danish and Norwegian girls, the proceeds to be applied to the aforementioned society.

DURING the recent visit of Mr. Sothorn to Edinburgh, he was asked out to dinner by the officers of the 17th Lancers. Before the wine was cleared off the table, the officers pressed Mr. Sothorn to perform a part of one of his characters, which, of course, he very naturally declined. They continued, however, to press him so much, that he reluctantly consented, and commenced the drunken scene from "David Garrick," when, to the astonishment of all present, he swept the cloth clean off the table, smashing glasses, decanters, plates, etc., wholesale.

THE arrangement for the Great Musical Festival in memory of the immortal Beethoven, to be opened in New York, June 13th, and continue one week, are being rapidly concluded. According to present indications, this will be the greatest musical gathering ever held in this country. Mesdames Parepa-Rosa, and Clara Louisa Kellogg, and Messrs. Brignoli, and Lefranc, will be the "stars," and will receive the very best choral support. Six full operatic orchestras, and the bands of the "crack" regiments of New York State Militia, besides representatives from the leading Saengerbunds in the country, will add *ecceit* to the anniversary. The Empire Skating Rink will, greatly enlarged and handsomely decorated, afford a rare spectacle of beauty.

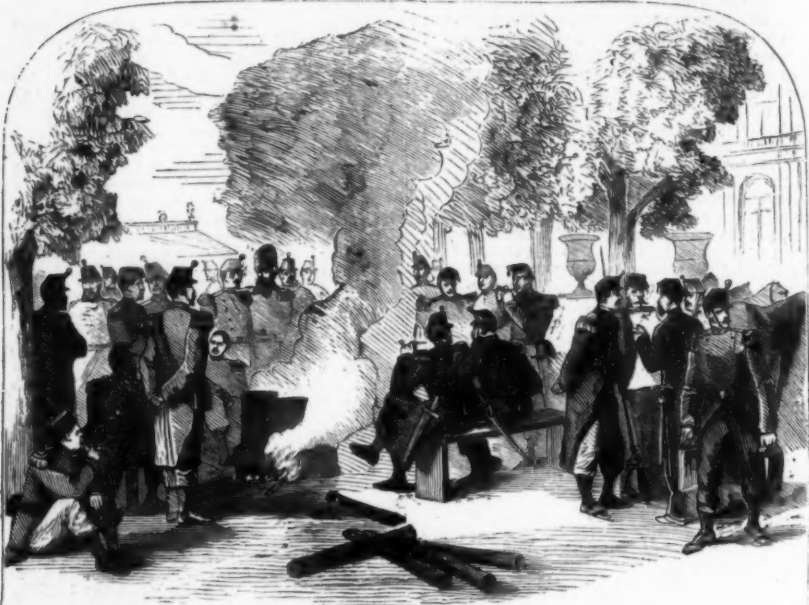
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 195.



FRANCE.—MEETING OF THE PEOPLE IN THE HALL OF MOLIERE, PARIS, TO HEAR THE RETURNS OF THE ELECTION.



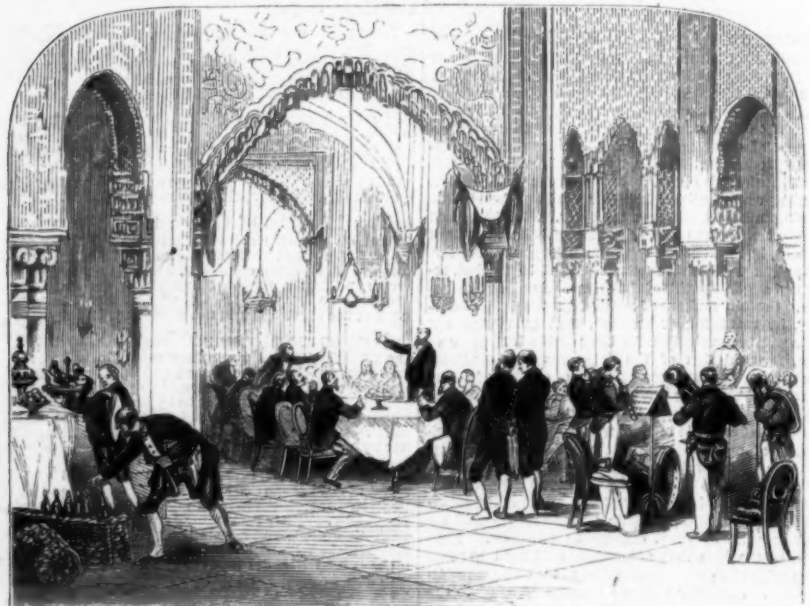
FRANCE.—ASPECT OF THE CHATEAU D'EAU, PARIS, DURING THE COUNTING OF THE VOTES CAST DURING THE ELECTION OF THE 8TH OF MAY.



FRANCE.—THE LUXEMBOURG ON THE EVENING OF THE 8TH OF MAY—ENCAMPMENT OF TROOPS TO REPRESS ANY TENDENCY TO RIOT.



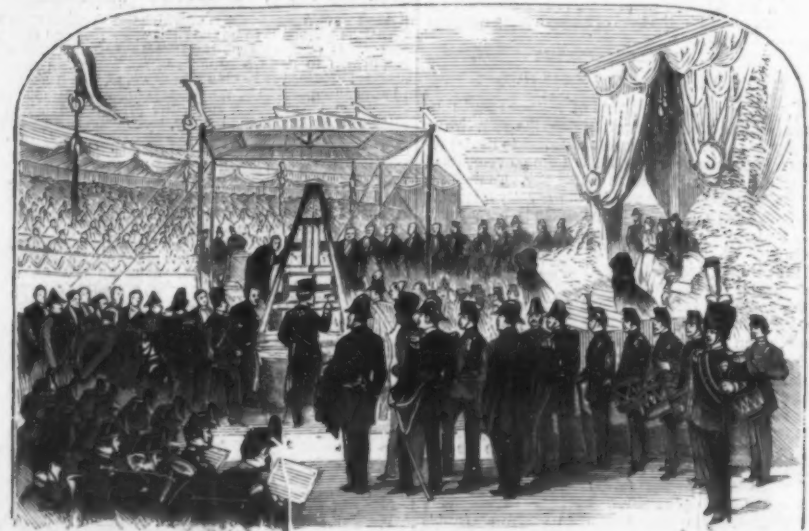
FRANCE.—FUNERAL CEREMONIES OVER THE REMAINS OF THE LATE PRINCE DEMIDOFF, IN THE CHAPEL ARDENT, PARIS.



SPAIN.—INAUGURATION OF A MUSEUM OF ARCHAEOLOGY, IN THE HALL OF THE EMIRS, PALACE OF THE ALHAMBRA, GRANADA.



GREECE.—THE FUNERAL, IN ATHENS, OF THE ENGLISH AND ITALIAN TRAVELERS MURDERED BY THE GREEK BRIGANDS.



HOLLAND.—HIS MAJESTY WILLIAM III. LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE AMSTERDAM SHIP-CANAL LOCKS.



GREECE.—ENCAMPMENT OF THE BRIGANDS AT OROPOS—A CONVOY BRINGING REFRESHMENTS TO THE ENGLISH AND ITALIAN PRISONERS.

HORACE B. CLAFLIN.

We present, this week, the third of a series of portraits of the eminent merchants of New York, our subject being Horace B. Claflin. Of this gentleman, and his great dry-goods house, extending from Church Street to West Broadway, the editor of the *New York Mercantile Journal* discourses as follows, adding that the sales of the firm are annually much larger than those of any other on the continent:

"The visitor to our metropolis, who comes hither either on business or for pleasure, and who, having formerly been familiar with the city, has not taken a good look at it for some years, will be astonished at the changes and improvements which he will see at every step. Whole blocks of decayed and rickety tenements have disappeared, and vast structures, dedicated to trade, have been erected.

"By these admirable transformations, the district bounded by Broadway, Canal, West Broadway and Chambers Streets, has been, within the last twelve years, altogether changed. Miserable hovels and dens of vice (with which Church Street especially abounded) have disappeared, and some of the most extensive and magnificent warehouses in the world now stand on their site.

"This gratifying result is, in large measure, due to the foresight and enterprise of Mr. Horace B. Claflin, the senior member of the celebrated dry-goods firm of H. B. Claflin & Co.

"The dry-goods palace of this great house, with its frontage of eighty feet on Church Street, eighty feet on West Broadway, and three hundred and seventy-five feet on Worth Street, was the pioneer building, of grand dimensions, intended for business purposes, erected in the district whose appearance and reputation had formerly disgraced the city.

"Owing to the immense traffic which the firm carried in that direction, the adjacent streets have also become lined with imposing structures.

"The subsequent addition made by the Claflin firm to their already spacious edifice, measures fifty by one hundred and twenty feet, and, taken together with their former



HORACE B. CLAFLIN, OF THE FIRM OF H. B. CLAFLIN & CO., NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

building, gives them a total floor area of about six acres.

"Who can question the magnitude of a business, requiring the aid of such lordly space, in the control of a private firm; and who can doubt the energy and ability of the man from whose originating mind and high ambition, as a merchant, such ample success has sprung?

"H. B. Claflin, the head of the distinguished house that has thus become the nucleus of the trade and a benefactor of the city, is of New England origin. In his earlier years, he was the proprietor and manager of a dry-goods establishment in the ancient and beautiful town of Worcester, Mass.

"Inheriting the enterprise of a New Englander, he sighed for wider fields of activity. Some twenty-eight years ago he came to New York, and located in Cedar Street, as a member of the firm of Buckley & Claflin. Subsequently he appeared on Broadway as the leading partner in the highly successful house of Claflin, Mellen & Co.

"The energy, intelligence, and integrity of this respected firm laid broader and deeper foundations for the still more important establishment that was to succeed it.

"Mr. Claflin's remarkable strength of resolution, and sagacity in business calculations, shone out most conspicuously in the trying days of 1861, when, owing to the war troubles, and the disorganization of correspondence with the trade of the South, his house was forced temporarily to suspend. At that important juncture, his high personal standing was the sheet-anchor of the firm. Heavy creditors and light, in New York and New England, manifested unbounded confidence, and came forward with one accord to express it. The gratifying consequence was, that the firm safely rode out the storm in which so many other concerns of high repute went down, and, in a short time, had discharged all their liabilities, paying one hundred cents on the dollar, with interest, and were careering on the bright sea of public favor, with a fairer breeze and better headway even than before.

"The final retirement, on the 31st of December, 1863, of Mr.



THE WAR OF THE FISHES, ON THE COAST OF NEW JERSEY.—IMMENSE NUMBERS OF SHAD, BLUE-FISH AND MORG-BUNKERS DRIVEN ON SHORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 190.

Mellen, whose experience and peculiar talents had aided the progress of the concern in its earlier years, spurred the remaining partners on to still greater exertions, in order to retain the hold their house had acquired, and to push it into new fields of conquest.

"Since then, the firm has become still more widely known, and more influential, not only in America, but abroad. Mr. Claflin has associated with him as partners, at the present time, Mr. Edward E. Eames and Mr. Edward W. Bancroft, both of whom are active men of sterling integrity.

"With seven hundred clerks and employees, all selected for special talent and expertness, constantly employed in its immense establishment in this city, and a score of purchasing agents scouring the great markets of Europe and America for the choicest articles in every department embraced by their business, this firm is constantly and vigorously affecting the trade at large. Their sales have reached the enormous sum of seventy million dollars in a single year.

"Presiding over all—directing, illuminating, and vivifying the work by his superior capacity—is Mr. Horace B. Claflin. Still comparatively in the prime of life, he brings to all the multiple transactions of his house, which involve the value of hundreds of thousands per diem, a keen sagacity and decisive grasp of thought equaled by few, if any, of our business men. The vigor of his unimpaired intellect is sustained by the resources of an excellent constitution, which a prudent course of life has strengthened; and, as the years increase, he beholds the path of usefulness and the rewards of industry broadening before him.

"In conclusion, it is indeed pleasant to us that we are enabled to bear testimony that the lips of personal acquaintances, business associates and employees, have but the one unanimous tribute to render to the domestic virtues, and the gentlemanly qualities and accomplishments of this estimable merchant. New York already points with pride to what he has done to beautify and enrich our Empire City, and in after years, there will be found enrolled upon the record of her true and gifted men few names as bright as that of Horace B. Claflin."

MY GRAVE.

WHEN I close my eyes on earth
And its life so full of care,
Fold my hands upon my bosom,
Put some blossoms in my hair—
For I love the flowers well;
They have told me, many times,
Of the grandeur and the glory
Of the far-off Eden climes.

Choose for me no shadowed spot,
Underneath the greenwood gloom;
I have known and loved the sunshine,
And the hill will give me room;
On her green and genial breast,
Where the sunshine loves to stay—
There, I pray you, let me slumber,
In the sunshine, all the day.

Do not plant upon my grave
Mournful yew or cypress tree;
Let the roses and the lilies
Blossom there alone for me—
For the birds will love them too,
And the yellow-coated bee.

THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

PART II.—THE FRENCH COUNTESS.

CHAPTER XIII.—UNCLE AND NEPHEW—THE DREAM OF BLOOD MADE TANGIBLE—A MINISTERIAL DINNER—VELVET, SILVER-LACE AND SATIN—AN AFTERNOON'S WANDERING THROUGH MOSCOW—THE OLD FRIEND—HOW A SERF BECAME A MERCHANT—RUSSIAN OFFICIAL AMENITY—WHAT ARE THEY?

It was late upon the evening of the day immediately preceding that upon which the coronation of the Tzarina Elizabeth was to take place, that Sapichy Dolgorouki arrived in Moscow.

Save during a necessary rest of some eight hours in St. Petersburg, he had scarcely quitted the saddle since leaving Berenzoff. In those days men had muscle and sinew, tougher, or at any rate, better trained than now. Moreover, Sapichy was both a courtier and a soldier. While, as the last, he could endure, unshrinkingly, the fatigue of the journey, as the first, he felt it a matter of necessity to be present upon the morrow. In St. Petersburg he learned—as, indeed, he had felt convinced—that his uncle, in spite of his age and growing infirmity had already left the new capital of the Empire. Consequently, it was at the Dolgorouki palace he dismounted. Leaving his attendants—some twenty serfs had accompanied him from St. Petersburg, where he had arrived alone—to the charge of the Steward of the Prince, he repaired at once to his relative's apartment.

The Prince Dolgorouki had not yet retired to rest, and the serf without the door of the chamber, after giving this information, retired from his place as he admitted him.

It was without the slightest surprise, that the gray eyes of the aged nobleman met those of Sapichy.

"Well—mon neveu,"
"You see—Monsieur, my uncle! that I am here!"

"Of course"—was the answer.
Old Dolgorouki had not even raised himself upon the pile of cushions, he was reclining on, when he had been addressed and while he had replied.

"You ask me—nothing?"

"What should I ask—mon neveu? Your father-in-law—a coarse old ruffian—has taken his departure from this life! Eh?"

"He has—Prince!"

His uncle took a pinch of snuff.
"I presume"—he said, chuckling—"that, as the next of kin, present, on the occasion, you and Catharine Dolgorouki saw the dead Dimitry properly disposed of."

"My wife was upon a bed of sickness."
"Daughterly love—most touching!" ejaculated old Dolgorouki, with a sneer.

"Paul Dimitry was there, when his father died—but, had gone."

The Prince suddenly erected himself on the cushions upon which he had been reclining.

"Eh! Do I hear you rightly—Sapichy?"

"You do—my uncle!"

"And, he had left, before you buried the box of old bones which, some weeks earlier, had owned him."

"Yes!"

"Why?"

"He hates me and Catharine."

"Plish!" derisively sneered the old Dolgorouki. "Was he not the Boyard? What care I for sons or brother-in-laws, or—" he scoffingly added—"nephews! I do as I choose. So will he!"

Fastening his lean and shrunken fingers—claw-like—upon the arm of his nephew, he drew him upon the pile of cushions beside himself. Then, he looked meaningly, upon his face. A dark question flashed from that shrewdly subtle glance.

"I fear it"—were the answering words of his nephew.

"And if it is so?"

"Then"—commenced Sapichy fiercely, but suddenly checked himself.

"You are right—mon neveu! Say nothing—" slowly murmured the old man. After a pause, he continued—"the next heir is—"

"Catharine!"

"The Frenchman's blood is hot. He will kill him. If not—"

As the Prince Dolgorouki's hand clinched even more firmly and claw-like upon the arm of Sapichy, he bent toward his nephew's ear and whispered.

The Russian Count felt rather than heard the words which parted his uncle's lips. That temptation had already presented itself to him. His cheek was as white as marble.

"But, I—love Catharine."

"Certainly, you do—mon neveu! All husbands should love their wives. But every Dolgorouki loves power, and strength, and wealth, better."

When he uttered the last words, his grasp relaxed on the arm of Sapichy. Removing his hand from it, he pushed him from the cushions upon which he had dragged him. Falling back in a recumbent position, he waved him away. His passionate desire—briefly and rapidly as it had found words—had temporarily exhausted his failing frame.

His nephew approached the door, as if he would summon the personal attendant upon the prince.

Old Dolgorouki shook his head.

"What do you need—monseigneur?"

"Simply—that you think over what I have said"—ejaculated his uncle, with a shrill chuckle. "The game is in your hands. If—mon cher neveu! you throw it away, you are no true Dolgorouki, but an ass, and worse than an ass!"

It was at the exceedingly aristocratic hour of three, P. M. upon the same day, that the Count de Chateaupers, in attendance on the Duc de Richelieu, had assisted at a formal dinner given by the Russian Minister who had recently succeeded the Duke of Courland, favorite of the late Tzarina, now expiating the iniquities of his government in Siberia—or rather, it should be said, who was on the road to do so.

Perhaps, also, it may be wrong to phrase it in this way.

The regular see-saw of political life in Russia, had dipped with him. Instead of expiating his iniquities, he was simply balancing his accounts, as was generally the rule in the politics of the Empire, then—as, indeed, it has been until very recently. So many years of uncontrolled power with long and covetous fingers in the pockets and purses of the people—so many years, during which the knout and the ax performed the will of him, who was favorite and Minister, and then, so many years of bitter and solitary exile, to afford the spoiled child of Fortune time to repent his sins and blossom into a devout Christian, or a reputable philosopher. So had it been with Menschikoff. Thus, was it now, with Biran.

It was in the apartments of his successor—he also was located, for the present, in that wilderness of stone and brick, the Kremlin—that Henri de Chateaupers was dining.

The dinner was an official one.

No ladies were present.

As may be imagined, from what has been seen, of the supper at the Austrian Ambassadors—when the fairer, if not better, sex assisted—the guests were expected to drink deeply. Either the heads of men in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were stronger than they are now, or, perchance, the potatoes offered them were of a purer and less adulterated quality.

In those days, four, five, and even six bottle men were in existence.

Nor, were these hard drinkers, as a rule, short-lived men.

The time at which the return of Mallowitz might be expected—as it had been computed by the French nobleman—had barely been exceeded by a single day.

But, as the period drew nearer, at which himself and Flodorowna might return to his own country, the fear which had dictated his writing to Sapichy Dolgorouki had almost passed away. Surely, he had been dreaming. Evil as Paul Dimitry's nature might be, he would surely never dare to claim his wife. If the coward did, would the Russian Government

put so terrible an affront and so fearfully wrong a representative of the French nation? It seemed singular to him that he should not have weighed this in his mind, before writing to the husband of Catharine Dolgorouki. He imagined what Sapichy's cynical laughter might be when he received the letter.

Beside this, on the morrow the Coronation was to take place.

On the same evening the Tzarina would give a State Banquet.

The following day, the congratulations from the various representatives of foreign nations, would be received in the Throne-Room of the Kremlin.

That evening the Masked Ball which has been already alluded to, would take place.

Next day would witness the public swearing-in of the higher Officials of the Empire, and the kissing of the hand of the Tzarina by the various tributaries and Boyards, in token of allegiance.

A few more days of ceremonial and festivity would follow.

Afterward, the French Embassy would return. Or, if not, he would be able to send Flodorowna de Chateaupers to his own country.

Aye! What was there to fear?

It was, consequently, with a thoroughly light heart, but, at the same time, with a somewhat shamefaced conviction that he had, in a measure, compromised his character as a man of courage in the estimation of the Russian gentleman, he had, on this morning, arrayed himself in all the bravery and splendor of blue velvet, silver lace, and white satin—in those days, a gentleman was tricked out in his attire, as gaily, and occasionally even more so, than any lady—for the ministerial dinner.

"And what will you do, my Flo?" he asked, as he bent above her and pressed his tenderly caressing lips upon her brow—"while I am gratifying my Russian host, by drinking considerably more than I care to do?"

"You know—Henri! that I am never tired of examining this strange old city."

"Then, you intend—"

"To spend the noon among its curious and quaint old streets."

"See—that you take Guillaume, with you."

"Certainly, I shall—Henri."

"And may I go, too—Monsieur, mon père?" cried his boy. "I will take care—very good care, of Madame, my mother."

"Bravely crowed—little pullet!"

Saying this, his parent tapped the child lightly upon his head, with the plumed hat, he held in his hand.

"But—may I go?" persisted the child.

"You must ask your mother—Monsieur!"

"Then, I know I shall!"—exclaimed little Henri, exultingly clapping his hands.

"It may clearly be seen who spoils the brat"—said Monsieur de Chateaupers, laughing.

After saying this, with another caress to his wife, the French gentleman left his own quarters in the Palace, proceeding to the apartments which had been assigned the French Ambassador. These were beneath his own and although considerably larger, were, yet, entirely inadequate to contain above half of the Envoy's personal retinue. The working diplomat in the Legation—its Chancellor—and his cook were the only officials attached to the Embassy who were thrust outside the Kremlin. A request from the chancellor himself, induced this action on the part of the duke. The positive refusal of the cook to dwell in a chamber "only fit for a scullion"—it may be granted that this description of it was strengthened beyond the truth—settled the last.

It was some hour and a half later, that the Countess de Chateaupers and her son, attended by Ismaila and Monsieur Guillaume, issued into the sunlight, from beneath the long, low, and gloomy doorway of the Kremlin.

The afternoon was a glorious one. Not a single white cloud flecked the sky, whose dimly aerial arch seemed to cope the naively old Orientalism of the imperial city, lovingly.

Even now, Moscow, rebuilt as it has been, since it was burnt over the heads of its French occupants, bears no more than a vaguely architectural relationship to the other cities of modern Europe. Then, it was like Constantinople grafted upon Vienna. Its buildings were Eastern in character. They resembled in nothing Paris, St. Petersburg, Madrid, Rome, or Florence. As for London, it might have seemed the home of a purely different civilization.

There were the long and moderately high walls, undefaced save by a straggling window, here and there; whose long and narrow orifice, looked more like an aperture for musketry than the means to let in light or air—their flat roofs, with an occasional tree showing its foliage above them, from the unseen court-yard within—the narrow and crooked streets, widening in the most startling and unexpected manner to broad squares or oblong spaces—the small and quaint door in the wall—here and there the grilled gateway with its fanciful arabesques—curious fountains in the squares and odd places; and the densely thronged bazaars, lotted off in spaces for the vendors of all commodities and every class of merchandise, from almost every clime. In St. Petersburg, the Muscovite or the better class of European might alone be seen. But in these bazaars, the stands were occupied by all nationalities, and every European and Asiatic type. Here was the keen, and sharply-featured Armenian, in his long, dark robe—there the hook-nosed and swarthy Jew with his crafty and cringing look and his soiled and filthy gaberdine—at no great distance stands the almost as dirty Muscovite with his sloping forehead and pointed cheek-bones—near him is the fouler Calmuk with his black hair, shrewdly daring glance, low brow and pointed chin—the Greek with all the cunning of a thousand years of slavery stamped upon his handsome lineaments—the stolid and heavily intelligent German, to whom as yet Lager was an unknown quantity—a Bohemian with his fair eyes and his tawny, dis-

ordered hair—a dashing and disdainful Frenchman with his silks and laces, while, at his side, was the solid Briton with his stock of hardware to be sold at wondrous bargains. Some of these have been self-exiled from their lands, on the score of either vice or crime. Others have been lured thence, by that inborn taste for adventure or vagabondage which by degrees is evenly populating the earth. These have been chased from their homes in raw boyhood by the sturdily wielded staff or thong of too vigorous parents. Those have left it from blighted love, and this one on the score of political reasons. For, there were political refugees even at this period of the world's growth, albeit they then were baptized, if known, with other names, and if caught, were more sharply dealt with. The names applied to them, were "traitors" and "rebels." The cord and the ax were the general cures, hygienically prescribed for them.

Here, they had denationalized themselves. They were subjects of the Russian Empire—either serfs working for their masters, or foreigners struggling for themselves.

It was through one of these bazaars, at some two miles of distance from the Kremlin, that Flodorowna was now wandering.

She was talking with her Aunt Ismaila.

Her conversation was in her native tongue.

"Madame—ma mère! look at that man."

The Countess de Chateaupers turned her head to see a good-looking man of rather more than her own age, with his eyes fixed upon her. Had it not been for her child's cry, she might not have noticed him.

He was dressed in a fashion, varying between that of a Bohemian and a Pole. A heap of coarse woolen stuffs lay before him.

It was, however, neither at these, nor at his dress, that Madame de Chateaupers looked. It was at his white face—his ashen-gray lips—his imploring gesture which seemed to cry to her, for mercy.

"Ivan!"

"St. Sergius, in your hour of need, be good to you—" he said, rapidly, but in a low tone, and in French, as he bent over her daintily gloved hand, and taking it between his own, pressed his rough lips upon it—"as you are good to me."

"How? In what way?" she murmured.

"Do not know me—Mistress!"

Ismaila had recognized the former Moujik of Wolinski even more rapidly than her niece had done.

However, it must be owned that it was with the true serflike instinct that she gazed stolidly in his face. Something, undoubtedly, was the matter. Yes! She knew that. But what of it? What was she to gain, by betraying him? Consequently, she looked on, and held her peace.

As yet none in the crowd around them—bustled with chaffering, buying or selling—had noticed the agitation of the Moujik.

Stooping over the pile of coarse cloth, as if with the purpose of examining its various quality, the countess lifted a piece in her hand. She seemed to feel its texture.

"Have you no finer stuffs than these?" she inquired, meaningly.

So terrified had Ivan been at the unexpected meeting, that his natural shrewdness—and he had plenty of it—completely deserted him. He knew not what he was saying, as he answered.

"None! noble excellency!"

"Can you not procure any?"

"Certainly, I can—great lady!" he answered her, humbly.

"What do they call you?"

"I am named—Nicholas Orloff, your excellency!" he faltered out.

"Well, then, Nicholas Orloff! be kind enough to bring them to the Kremlin, this evening, at eight o'clock. Should you not meet with Guillaume—" she turned her head and glanced at the servant of her husband as she said this—"in the entrance to the great Court-yard; you will inquire for Flodorowna de Chateaupers—known as the countess."

"I shall obey you, generous excellency!" replied the Moujik, as he again bent over and kissed her hand. "But—should it chance, that I might be recognized—"

Low as his last words had been uttered, it was in an equally low tone that she answered.

"Fear nothing. My husband shall protect you, or if there be a need, purchase your freedom."

She had divined what was troubling him—and the glance of—well! of Nicholas Orloff thanked her. Nevertheless, as she moved on through the crowd, his restless eyes roved over those who were thronging behind her, as well as his fellow-tradersmen, with a dubious and uncertain look.

He did not dread her, or those who were with her, so much as he did those who might be buying and selling near him.

While his quick eye scrutinized their faces, he became aware of a man, dressed as a Servian of the better class, who was following the party leisurely. The Moujik might have supposed him another attendant upon Madame de Chateaupers, had it not chanced that he had repeatedly seen him during the last six months. While, from his having heard the address which Madame de Chateaupers had given him, he knew that she had arrived with the French Count, in all probability to assist personally at the grand ceremonial upon the morrow.

It was a strange thing. The girl he had known some eleven or twelve years since—as the serf of Ivan Dimitry—then merely a child—was now a guest in the old halls of the Kremlin. He—then, also a serf, and a serf now, was acting the part of a free man.

For how long, would it be?

When Wolinski had forfeited his head to the grasping lust of power and the angry jealousy of the Duke of Courland, the Moujik Ivan had fled from the trampled-out household of his ruined master. After some months of wandering—living, he scarcely knew how—he had found himself in Moscow. Want and hunger had almost driven him to the determination of

giving himself up as a runaway serf. It would merely be to a new owner, supposing the official to whom he owned his backsliding, thought well enough of his starved-down muscle, to keep him—simply the knout, if he considered him of sufficiently low a monetary value to send him back to St. Petersburg. However, he must eat first. Watching a Lithuanian dealer in coarse woollens, in the very bazaar where he has this day been seen—judging him with the instinctive wisdom of the oppressed, he decided that he had a tolerably true and merciful face.

So, he went up to the merchant, and asked him for a few kopecks or a slice of bread.

The Lithuanian examined him narrowly.

Then he said—"Wait!"

The runaway Moujik waited.

Some two hours elapsed ere the bazaar closed. It was then six o'clock, in winter. The tradesman packed up his cloths in a large bundle, and gave them to Ivan to carry. The snow was deep upon the ground. The Moujik was in rags, barefooted, and shivering with the cold. Yet he obeyed. Following the man to whom his introduction had been the simplest, in forty minutes or something more, they had reached a mean-looking hut in the suburbs of the city. As the owner entered it, he said—

"Come in!"

There were but two rooms. The furniture was rickety, and ill cared for by a deaf and hump-backed old woman. Nevertheless, that night, Ivan ate the best meal which had courted his appetite for months. Steaks of cured sturgeon, and salted pig's head, with steaming tea, and native brandy, formed, as he thought, in the present ravenous condition of his stomach, a feast fitted for a Tzar. He had simply been bidden to—

"Sit down, and eat."

When the meal came to an end, the Lithuanian demanded his name.

Ivan commenced the story which, while he had been eating, he had determined to tell. Like a true Tartar, "the full stomach had forgotten its honesty." There would not have been one word of truth in his tale had his new friend permitted him to continue.

"Your name?"

"Nicholas Orloff."

One hour earlier he would have told the truth. Under present circumstances he lied.

The Lithuanian then showed him a heap of straw in the inner room, on which he stretched himself. The self-christened Nicholas followed his example. In some ten minutes more, the hump-backed stretched herself upon the straw beside them.

When he awoke upon the following morning—early as it was—his new master was already on his feet. He gave him some of his own old garments. All he then said to him, was—

"You will work."

Nicholas Orloff replied—"I will."

Three years subsequent to this, the Lithuanian died. He had been too sick to leave the house for two days, and the former Moujik attended to the business in which he had, since this introduction, assisted him. Towards midnight, on the night in which his master closed the last of his earthly accounts, he cried to him—

"Nicholas!"

The serf rose upon his straw bed and bent over him.

"I am dying"—he said, in a feeble voice. "You will find seventeen hundred silver roubles beneath the third brick behind the stove." Save as regarded the exact amount, this was a purely superfluous piece of intelligence, for Nicholas had long known where his master banked his cash. "Pay the Pope, what you choose, for burying me. Take care of Marioulla, and keep a silent tongue. She is a serf, as you and I are." For a brief time he remained silent. Then he muttered to himself—"I cut his throat. Nobody cared for him, enough to hunt after me." After another space, seeming to search for Nicholas with his fast-dimming eyes, he murmured—"Good night!"

It would be useless to affirm that his friend and protégé mourned him, very bitterly.

As all this again presented itself to his memory, a dread, which had never left him, seemed to fasten itself more tangibly on his will. What, if he to whom Wolinski's human property had been given—after Biron's banishment, should hunt him up? This was of recent occurrence. Who was his actual owner now?

When he had promised the Countess de Chateaupers to repair to the Kremlin, it was scarcely with a fixed intention of doing so. But might it not be well to take the chance which—"God and St. Sergius seemed to offer." She had said that the French count—"If there was a need, should purchase 'his' freedom."

Why should he throw this prospect away, of saving the roubles as well as the skin of him, who had been the Moujik Ivan?

It was consequently precisely at the point of eight when the great bell of the Kremlin sounded the first stroke of the hour, that he who passed for Messer Nicholas Orloff presented himself at the gate of the Tzarina's palace.

He knew the ordinary keeper of the entrance well, when the Tzarina was in St. Petersburg.

But it was a different thing, now.

There was a guard of honor on duty. His business there was the object of close scrutiny. When he showed his package of cloth, he was roughly laughed at.

"What does a French lady—son of a cur—want with such merchandise as this?"

"Your lofty and worthy excellency, the gracious lady, Fiodorowna de Chateaupers, ordered her slave to bring the cloths."

The interpreter to the French Embassy happened to be entering. When he heard the name, he turned sharply. He was a colonel in the Russian army, and had been assigned to this duty by the Minister of Military Matters, as a mark of special respect to the Duc de Richelieu.

"What is this—dog! whose mother I dedie!"

—he cried, spitting upon the ground in front of the officer who had been speaking.

It was in a totally different key to that in which his previous words had been pitched, that the captain of the guard commenced his reply.

"Silence—beast, and son of a beast!" roared the colonel. "Is this the respect you show to his Noble Excellency the Count de Chateaupers, Special Secretary to the High and Mighty Duc de Richelieu, Ambassador Extraordinary from His Most Christian Majesty, Louis of France, to our Holy Mother the Tzarina of all the Russias? Again I dedie your parent." Once more he spat. Then turning to Nicholas, he said, in a patronizing manner, such as he might have used with a favorite animal—"Follow me."

Almost scraping the military boots of his protector with his bent head, and praying for a series of blessings upon his father, his mother, his children, his grandchildren and the great-grandchildren he might some day have—the once Moujik, but now tradesman, prepared to follow him, when, from the corridor they were about entering, two other figures appeared.

These were Henri de Chateaupers and the Baron de Marsigny, second Secretary to the French Embassy.

As the Russian colonel was about to address the first-named of these, and explain the purpose for which he was about seeking him, he caught full sight of his face, and started back.

Cheek, brow and lip were well-nigh blanched into deadly paleness. His hazel eyes were burning with a black lustre, such as they have never shone with before. Through the parted lips, his white teeth glistened as those of a hound might do, when the madness is nearly on him.

Without uttering a word of greeting to the interpreter, he passed him and advanced to the captain of the gate.

His speech was dry and hard.

"When did Madame de Chateaupers leave the Kremlin—sir?"

"Not since I have been on duty—your Excellency!"

"Who was here before you?"

"Captain Ostermann!"

"Might I request you to have him summoned, immediately?"

"May I inquire why your Excellency asks?" demanded the colonel.

"Neither herself, my son, her Aunt Ismailia, nor my servant were in my apartments, when I returned, half an hour since, from dining with the Minister."

The person who had addressed him turned abruptly, and laid his hand on the shoulder of Nicholas Orloff.

"This man has seen her."

The French nobleman turned, and sharpened as his faculties were by his fears, recognized him at once.

"When—Ivan?"

"This noon—master!" replied Messer Orloff, dropping upon his knees, as the captain of the guard, to whom he had mentioned his present appellation, gazed suspiciously upon his tremulous and blanching face.

THE WAR OF THE FISHES.

The inhabitants of the "great deep," imitating the example set them by the bipeds of the land, recently resolved on war. The blue-fish—a voracious and belligerent race—seem, while moving northward, to have encountered, off the New Jersey coast, near Barnegat Bay, large shoals of shad and moss-bunkers. Making a combined attack on these, they, in a few minutes, put them to flight, driving them by millions up the bay, and the creeks and rivers in the vicinity. A correspondent of a morning journal, writing from Mannahad River, under date of May 22, says the blue-fish invaded the line of coast between Barnegat and Little Egg Harbor Inlet in innumerable numbers. "They came in at Barnegat Bay," he continues, "sweeping through the bay, over flats, as well as through the channel, driving millions of bushels of bunkers before them, and filling our coves, creeks, ditches and ponds in the meadows, full. They continued on their course down the bay as far as Little Egg Harbor Inlet. At that place they drove ashore, so that people gathered them up by wagon-loads. The blue-fish were very large, weighing seven pounds and over. Thousands of bushels of bunkers have been gathered the past week along our shore, and the people are applying them to their land. Such a sight has never been known by the oldest inhabitant. They lay in creeks, ponds, etc., along our meadows, two feet deep, so you can take a common fork and pitch them into your boat, or throw them on the bank. In some places they lay in winrows on the meadows where the tide has taken them, so they take large wood-scows alongside, and load them. If we had a railroad here, instead of applying those large blue-fish to our lands, we would send them on to your market. People are making money here, selling what they can, at twenty cents per bushel." Our artist, who visited the Inlet, has given us an animated and truthful illustration of the scene. It fully accords with the statements of those who reside in the vicinity, and who have been witnesses of the extraordinary spectacle from the beginning.

GRAND TOURNAMENT AT THE PROSPECT PARK FAIR GROUNDS.

The ancient, fascinating, exciting, and chivalrous system of the tournament was inaugurated on Northern soil on Saturday afternoon, May 21st, at the Prospect Park Fair Grounds, Brooklyn. The novelty of these equestrian contests attracted a very large company of the upper classes of society, a large proportion being ladies and gentlemen from the South, where the tournament has for years been a recognized institution for manly exercise, and the exhibition of the finest qualities of the horse. In the neighborhood of Washington,

Georgetown, Warrenton, Raleigh, Fredericksburgh, and other Southern cities and towns, the entertainment was a very popular one, until the war swept away so many of the Southern youth.

The herald appeared at two o'clock, in dazling attire, with a plumed Charles the Second hat, and mounted on a fiery steed. The excitement was begun by the appearance of a cavalcade in the lists amid a lively flourish from the musicians. The troop numbered about sixteen horsemen, dressed in gorgeous colors, some wearing fancily trimmed velvet coats, and others contenting themselves with shirts, white pantaloons, and silk sashes. Some of the knights wore felt hats, while others had their heads adorned with caps.

Before beginning the tournament, the knights were drawn up in front of the judge's stand, and were addressed by Col. A. H. Dawson, of Georgia, the orator of the day, at the conclusion of which the knights were allowed a preliminary tilt, after which the active sport opened in real earnest.

The ring, which was about the size of a lady's bracelet, was suspended from an iron rod directly in front of the judge's stand. It was covered with white ribbon, so as to be distinguishable to persons at a distance. The rod was adjusted on a sort of scale, which hung in the air, and this the keeper of the ring had to fix to suit the range of each particular knight. The point of starting was one hundred yards distant from the stand, and the signal was the sound of the bugle, followed by the command to charge, from the herald.

The feat consisted in reaching the stand inside of eight seconds, and of sheathing the ring on the point of the lance without diminishing the speed of the horse. It was in many instances accomplished with such skill and symmetry of motion as to win encouraging plaudits from the crowd. So far as exhibition of fine and graceful horsemanship was concerned, the tournament proved a decided success. Most of the knights managed their animals with the utmost ease, and maintained their saddles in galant style, although frequently riding down the lists at a furious pace.

At the first tilt, only eight riders were successful in taking the ring, and subsequently the contest gradually narrowed down until only three knights were left to struggle for the first prize—a fine mare, named Lady Blanche. This was finally awarded to the Knight of Shannondale. The second and third prizes were gold watches, and were won by the Knight of Hereford and the Knight of Westmoreland respectively. Several knights contended for the fourth prize—a pair of pearl studs. It was given to the Knight of Virginia, after sharp, protracted tiltings between the latter and the Knight of Alabama. Both of the last-named knights, together with the knights of the "Old Dominion" and of Marlborough, were conceded to be the best horsemen in the tournay.

On Tuesday, May 24th, the tournament was concluded. The first prize—a fine horse—was won by the Knight of the Old Dominion; the second, third, and fourth, being watches and jewelry, were won by the Knights of Virginia, the Black Plume, and Maryland, respectively.

The shortest time was that made by the Knight of Fairfax, who carried off the ring, in his ride of a hundred yards in seven and a half seconds. The average time made was eight and a half seconds. Many of the knights rode exceedingly well, and, with their lithe young figures half lifted from the saddle, their lean Southern faces glowing, and, half grinning, half frowning, they looked not unlike representatives of the tilters of a "ruder age."

The crowning of the two Queens of Love and Beauty took place in the ball-room of the Club-House. In the open space in the centre the knights gathered and stared, while the pretty girls giggled, and the rain beat down outside, and somebody made a speech.

It seems that, as the knights were not acquainted with any Northern ladies, a committee of Brooklyn dames selected a number of names of those willing to be thus honored; and from these the young men made their choice, in a Turkish style, without even seeing their charms. Mayor Kalbfleisch was master of ceremonies, and Colonel Stone made the speech.

The queen for Saturday's tilt was Miss F. Barker. The queen for Tuesday's tilt was Miss Bell Robinson. Each of these had three bridesmaids, who were Misses Philbrick, Van Brunt, Snedeker, Kalbfleisch, Spinner, and Cashell.

MARK LEMON, EDITOR OF THE LONDON PUNCH.

ONE by one the original jovialities that gathered around the table of the famous old London joker have been taken away, and now, at last, the commander has been called to join the departed. As a writer, Mark Lemon was inferior to Jerrold, Thackeray, Albert Smith, the Mayhews, Dudley Costello, saying nothing of those famous artists, Leech and Doyle—all of whom, with the exception of the last-named, have gone to a region where comic papers are fortunately unknown. Mark Lemon's great specialty was judgment; he knew well how to temper the asperities of such men as Albert Smith and Jerrold, and preserved the publishers of the great satirical paper of England from much annoyance, by his prudence.

In person he was about the medium height, although his corpulence made him appear shorter than he really was. He was of a hearty, genial nature, full of anecdote and humor, which he freely dispensed. He was fond of good living, and had a great penchant for amateur theatricals. His personation of Falstaff has been pronounced by Charles Dickens as nearer to his notion of Shakespeare's great comic creation than any he had seen. He was a well-informed man, although he had not received a classical education, and his novels, which are well written, show a keen sense of the humorous side of life. His dramatic pieces, most of which are from the French, are skill-

fully adapted, and the dialogue is generally lively and natural. Mark Lemon was born in the city of London, November 30, 1809. He engaged in literary pursuits while a young man, writing for the stage and the press. He took an active part in establishing *Punch*, and from the first was connected with it. Lemon was (a contemporary remarks) well known for his dramatic pieces, of which he wrote upward of sixty, and of numerous tales, of which "The Enchanted Doll," "Loved at Last," "Falkner Lyle," "Story of Two Wives," and "Leighton Hall, and Other Tales," are best known. In addition, Mr. Lemon was the author of numerous articles written for the literary publications, and of about a hundred songs. He was also the editor of a collection of jests published some years ago.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

A MEXICAN offers to shoot Juarez for \$200.

BISHOP McILVAINE sails for Europe in June.

THE Queen of Prussia has a religious novel in press.

GENERAL PRIM is now said to be the richest man in Spain.

MR. BRIGHT is to edit the speeches of the late Richard Cobden.

CARL SCHURZ is writing a history of Germany and the Germans.

THE Emperor of Brazil has received as a present the sword of Lopez.

WILLIAM STARK, the poet farmer, of Manchester, N. H., has become insane.

THE young King of Bavaria has recently become a very passionate entomologist.

THE female jurors of Wyoming are said to be unanimously opposed to woman suffrage.

BISHOP KINGSLEY's body was buried in Beirut, as it could not be embalmed there.

FECHTER and Miss Leclercq will pass their summer months among the New England seaside resorts.

MAJOR STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, JR., has been appointed a Brigadier-General of the North Carolina militia.

DON CARLOS and his followers were lately at Geneva, planning a new attempt at the invasion of Spain.

BENJAMIN PEARCE, of Harvard University, is spoken of as "the greatest mathematician in America."

MR. DANIEL LANGE, the English coadjutor of M. de Lesseps, in the Suez Canal, is to be created a baronet.

MRS. FERNANDO WOOD has one of the most elegant houses and the most superb diamonds in Washington.

THE Philadelphia fund in aid of the orphan children of Captain Williams, of the Oneida, has now reached \$1,042.

THE three Chinese students at Howard University, Washington, are supported by the American Missionary Association.

THE Princess of Wales proposes to visit her sister, the wife of the Czarovitch, during the summer, and Wales is to go with her.

DR. EVANS and the Princess Eugenie have recently quarreled, and the American dentist does not visit the Tuilleries any more.

THE Pope has apologized to the British Minister at Rome for the recent expulsion of English ladies from the Eternal City.

EX-GOVERNOR WELLS and Judge Meredith have so far recovered from their injuries from the Richmond disaster as to be able to go out.

By the death of his brother at Salt Lake, Brigham Young has had four houses' full of widows and children left to him to love, honor, and obey.

THE Madrid journals announce the arrival of A. Dumas, Sr., who is collecting materials for a work entitled "The Past, the Present, and the Future of Spain."

THE King of Siam is seventeen years old, and is simply known as Samedetch-Phra-Por-menda-Maha-Chu-ain-Korn—we have no room for the rest of the name in this column.

It has been ascertained that Dr. Munck, the Swedish naturalist, was one of the victims of Lopez. His collections, however, were saved, and are now on their way to Stockholm.

DE CASSAGNAC, the Paris politician and writer, is in such excellent demand for duelling engagements, that he now refuses to measure rapiers with any but first-class swordsmen.

BISHOP HENNE, of Milwaukee, one of the Ecumenical Council, writes from Rome that he does not expect to arrive home this year, as the Council will probably be prolonged another year.

THE Emperor of Austria has conferred upon Baron Anselm Rothschild the rank of First Class of the Order of the Iron Crown, in recognition of the long and remarkable public services of his house.

THE Rev. Charles Waddell died at Kenton, O., a few days ago. The deceased was born in a fort on the Ohio River, in 1790—the first white child born in the territory now comprising the State of Ohio.

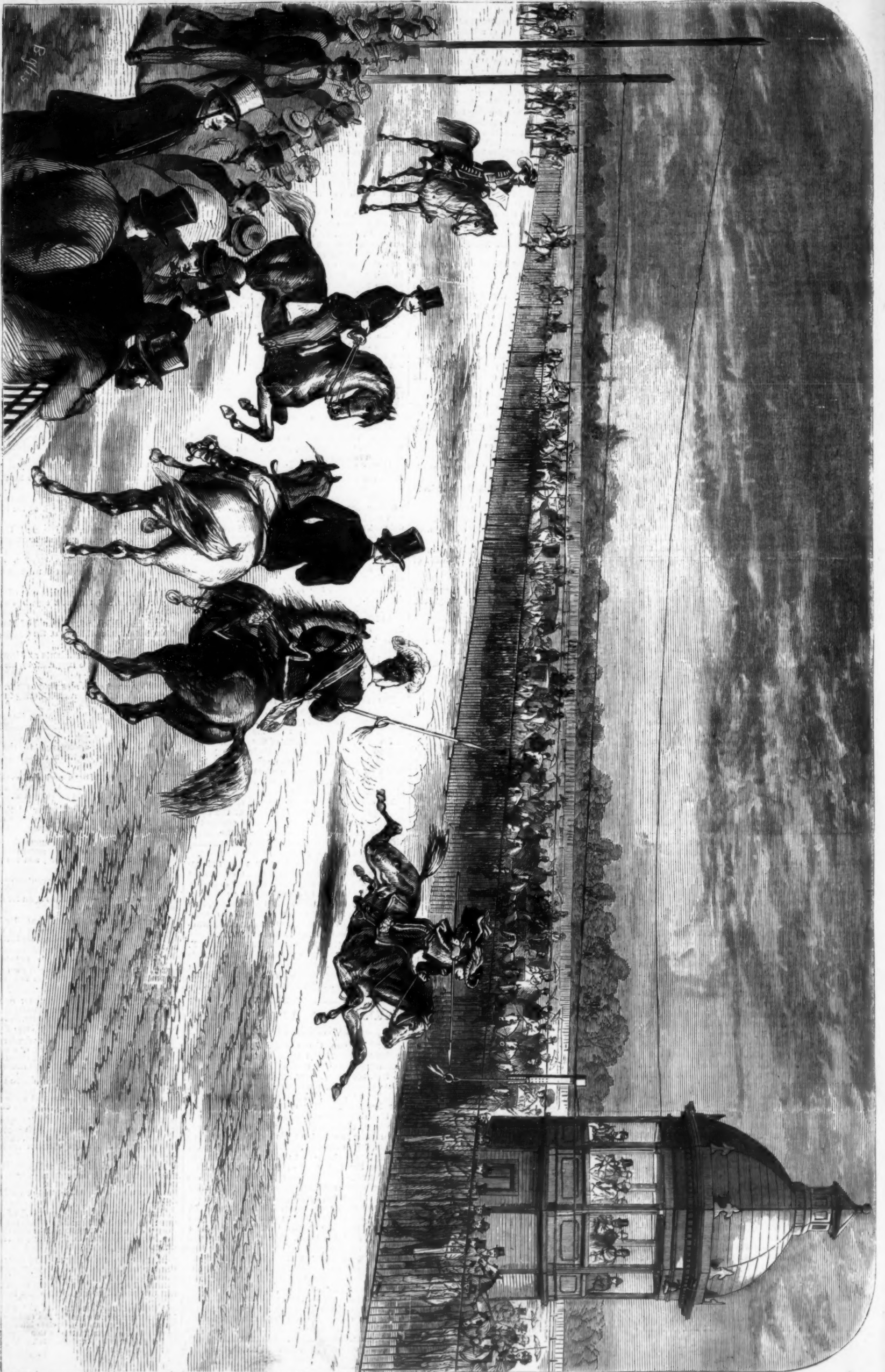
MINISTER MOTLEY and Earl Clarendon signed the naturalization treaty at half-past six p.m. on the 13th ult. At two, the same afternoon, Secretary Fish was reading Mr. Motley's telegram narrating the event.

RUMORS seemingly well authenticated state that Brigham Young is negotiating with the Mexican Government for a transfer of his people across the border, in case Cullom's anti-polygamy bill shall be enforced.

THE London "Court Circular," of April 26, says: "A marriage is arranged between the Hon. Henry Cowper, M. P., brother of the Earl Cowper, and Mrs. Ives, daughter of his Excellency Mr. Motley, the United States Minister."

MARSHALL JONO CARLOS SALDANHA OLIVEIRA DAUN, otherwise known as "General Duke de Saldanha," who recently executed a splendid coup de main in Portugal, making himself Prime Minister of that government, is ninety years of age!

CHIU-KANG is the name of the successor of Mr. Burlingame at the head of the Chinese Embassy. He was the oldest of the Associate Ministers who accompanied Mr. Burlingame to this country—a very able, cautious, and good man. He was so pronounced by Mr. Burlingame.



NEW YORK STATE—TILTING FOR THE RING AT THE GRAND TOURNAMENT, HELD IN THE FAIR GROUNDS OF THE PROSPECT PARK RACING CLUB, BROOKLYN, ON THE 31ST AND 24TH OF MAY, 1870.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 193.



RECEPTION OF THE NINTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. N. G., HELD AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, ON FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1870—COLONEL J. FISK, JR., INTRODUCING HIS STAFF TO GOVERNOR HOFFMAN.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 195.

BESIDE THE WINDOW.

BESIDE the vine-draped window there you sit,
The wanton sunbeams with your curls co-
quetting;
And there you ply your needle, muse, or knit,
While in and out your well-trained fingers flit—
A lovely picture in a lovely setting!

When, unaware, your guileless lips let drop
Some brittle strand of melody outgushing,
My Oriental birds grow mute, and stop
To listen, poised upon their drinking-cup;
Dumb praise, that well might set your
cheeks to blushing!

You wear a smile upon your happy face—
You never knew the pain of vague regret-
ting;

Nor care nor grief has left the lightest trace;
Thus I—a worn-out worldling—read your face;
Your sun of joy has never known a setting.

Sometimes you turn your kind, shy face this
way,

And, haply, envy me my state and glory;
You do not know the griefs that hedge my
way—

You do not know my life is bare and gray;
'Tis only, after all, the same old story:

I wear a mask—as joyless women may—
You cannot see the worm beneath the blos-
som,

But oh! the hurt that rankles night and day!
But oh! the wound that aches from dawn till
gray!

Even though I wear a gem upon my bosom!

Be happy in your innocency, sweet—
Ply still your homely duties, unregretting;
Your task, unbidden, falls beneath your feet—
Oh! now you drop your curtain 'cross the
street—

Good night, fair picture, in an emerald set-
ting!

THE WIFE'S PLOT.

CHAPTER IV.

"ANY letters here for Mrs. Hatherleigh?" asked Mr. Spence, in a careless voice.

There was a letter, and Mr. Spence read, with quivering lips, these words:

"MY DEAR GIRL: My heart is sore enough at the thought of parting from you; but I think, for your husband's sake, you do right to leave me. I do not wish to say a word against him.

"I am thankful for the happy time we have passed together in London. I will never be the cause of quarrel between you and your husband, if I can help it. As for his child, I can love it for your sake, and every promise I have made you regarding it I will faithfully fulfill. If I were a rich man, instead of a very poor one, I would not let you leave me—I would keep both you and the child, and pray that the sea might ever rest between us and your careless husband. But you will not like my saying this; you love him still, and I have only the second place in your heart, as I have ever had since you left me for his sake.

"I will meet you to-morrow in the square, as you request, and we will have a long day together. Take comfort in this thought, dearest, and believe me ever

"Your affectionate brother,

"PHILIP."

Mr. Spence came hither fearing to find sorrow and shame, but at this confirmation of his doubts, the paper dropped from his hands, and, with a face of ghastly whiteness, he gazed round on the small room in a sort of terror, as though the walls were crushing him.

A film came over the eyes of the unhappy father, and he clinched his hands in agony, as in thought he traveled back to his native place, and beheld, as in a dream, all the anguish, all the disgrace that awaited him there. Now the Hatherleighs would be justified in their contempt of him and his; now all their scorn of their son's wife would be deemed righteous, and the ban under which she lived would be her fitting portion. And as for the child—he would be an outcast like his mother.

He caught up the letter again and read the signature.

"Brother!" Lina had no brother. What a miserable, flimsy subterfuge was this! But what if he lent himself to the cheat? That would at least save Lina from all remark among the servants of the hotel.

"Can you give me the address of Mrs. Hatherleigh's brother?" he said to the porter; "he has forgotten to write it in his letter."

"Yes, sir, I think I can. I know he left his card here one day when Mrs. Hatherleigh was out, and I saw it lying on the table only yesterday."

In a moment it was found, and Mr. Spence seized it eagerly. The name, Philip Burton, he knew at once was false; the Philip of whom he was thinking—the Philip whom Lina had forsaken for Ralph Hatherleigh—was not named Burton, but the address, a terrace at Brompton, being on the card, he resolved to drive thither instantly.

"I am glad to have found this," he said to the porter, "but don't give the address to any one else, or even name the gentleman to any inquirers. The truth is, the young fellow is in difficulties, and though I am his father, I don't wish to be made pay too sharply to set him free. I'll make it worth your while to put the enemy off the scent."

Two sovereigns placed in the porter's palm made his eyes twinkle with intelligence.

"The other side won't pay you like this," continued Mr. Spence.

"Lor', no, sir, I don't expect they will," returned the man. "What would you like me to say to the raff when they come?"

"Simply say that Mrs. Hatherleigh had no visitors," replied Mr. Spence, as he departed.

The cab whirled away toward Brompton.

Passing through Kensington, there was a momentary stoppage behind a brewer's cart, and at this very instant Mr. Spence saw Byles descending the steps of Mrs. Bennet's house. He felt his face grow ashen white, and his heart turn sick, then he pulled the check-string. But it was too late; when the cab drew up, and Mr. Spence sprang out upon the pavement, his lank clerk was nowhere to be seen.

"Go on to Brompton!" he cried, in a desperate voice; and flinging himself back in the seat, he clasped his hands on his forehead in a frenzy of grief and fear.

"Here is the terrace, sir. Number 29, I think, sir, you said."

As the cabman spoke, Mr. Spence flung back the apron of the hansom, and stepped out, with a strange sense of dizziness and aching misery over heart and brain.

"Mr. Philip Burton? He has just this minute left the house in a cab, sir," said the woman who opened the door.

"What sort of a cab?" said Mr. Spence.

"Where is he gone?"

"I heard him tell the driver to go to the Great Western Station, sir, Paddington. The cab is a four-wheeler, with luggage on the top."

"Thank you," said Mr. Spence, dearly, turning away with a hopeless look upon his face.

"If you like, sir, I think you could overtake Mr. Burton," said the woman; "he is but this moment gone."

Mr. Spence flung himself into his cab again, and once more the good horse went tearing madly along the crowded way, but throughout this furious drive to Paddington the four-wheeler, with the luggage on the top, never came once in view.

"Wait for me!" cried Mr. Spence to the cabman, as he dashed into the station, just before the doors were closed.

In an instant Mr. Spence was on the platform, searching on every side for the face he feared to see. And hurrying from the refreshment room came a tall figure, which rushed past him and sprang into a carriage; but Mr. Spence saw him, and recognized the features of the man he most hated in the world—Philip Dalton, his daughter's first love! To see this man's face was to feel every hope wrung out of his heart, and his brain reeled as he put forth his hand to seize him. But the movement was made in vain, the carriage-door was shut, and before he could clutch at the handle, the train began to move.

It was the morning express—a long, crowded train; and as the two men glared into each other's faces—the elder one angrily, with fierce pain in every line; the younger with a strange look of surprise and sorrow in his eyes—they parted, and vanished from each other's sight.

CHAPTER V.

At his daughter's lodgings Mr. Spence found Byles sitting meekly in the hall.

"Why are you sitting here in the draught?" said Mr. Spence, sharply.

"Mrs. Ralph said I was to stop here, sir," returned Byles.

"How long have you been here?" asked Mr. Spence.

"Oh, a long while, sir. I drove here straight from the station, and I came away by the first train that left after I got your telegram. Is there anything urgent on hand, sir?"

"You miserable sneak!" thought Mr. Spence, "I only wish I could tell how much you know. I should like to tear it out of you. I should like to shake you to pieces."

But, repressing his indignation, Mr. Spence replied there was nothing urgent in business requiring his services at that moment, and he requested he would do him the favor to follow him up-stairs.

Ushered into Mrs. Ralph Hatherleigh's presence, Byles looked at her, furtively, with greedy eyes, like a wolf's, and with a slight twitching of the lip, which alone betrayed the surprise he felt at the paleness of her face and the woeful change in her beauty.

"How do you do, Ephraim?" said Lina, carelessly.

"Thank you, Mrs. Ralph, I am quite well. I am sorry to see you looking so ill."

"Yes; I have had fever," said Lina, coloring crimson as she spoke; "and I would not write and tell papa of it, for fear of terrifying him out of his wits. So I left my friends the Bennets without saying a word to him, or even giving him my address. And instead of being grateful to me for saving him anxiety, papa is quite angry."

Byles uttered not a word in reply, but, looking down upon his ungainly boots, he smiled, and rubbed his hands together feebly.

"Well, Ephraim," continued Mrs. Ralph, pettishly, "I don't see anything to laugh at in being ill."

"I was not laughing, ma'am, I assure you," said Byles, with great humility.

His eyes were on her face now, and something in their look made her heart quail and her lips grow white; yet in another instant she thought the look a fancy, so meek and unconscious did Byles appear, and so utterly impossible did it seem that he should dare to glance at her with meaning or with menace.

"I am not Miss Lina," she said, coldly. "I am Mrs. Ralph Hatherleigh. I wish you would remember it, Mr. Byles."

"Oh, I never forgot it—never," replied Byles, very slowly.

At this instant, Mr. Spence, who had quitted them, returned to the room, and Lina addressed him hurriedly.

"Papa, I have been telling Mr. Byles that you are quite angry with me for keeping my illness a secret from you."

"You were weak and delirious, Lina," said Mr. Spence. "I do not look upon you as responsible for that folly. I intend to call your

friends to account for their culpable neglect in not apprising me of your danger."

Considering that Peter Spence did not believe at all in her story of the fever, he acted his part well, except for the one anxious look he cast on his lank clerk, which displayed too much solicitude for that individual's opinion.

After lunch, Mr. Spence wrote letters to two or three legal friends, and made Byles his messenger to take them and wait for answers; and no sooner was he gone, than he turned toward his daughter, saying, with quivering lips:

"Lina, I know all! You have acted madly and wickedly, but I will save you if I can."

Lina's face grew death-white. She essayed to speak, but failed, and fell back speechless, with lips apart, and eyes fixed and haggard.

"Keep yourself calm," continued Mr. Spence, in a bitter tone. "Your secret will never pass my lips; your falsehood shall never be revealed to your husband by me. I am your father, and bound to save you. Your ruin would be my ruin also."

With a ghastly terror over all her aspect, his daughter listened to him, still not uttering a word.

"I make no reproaches, Lina," he said, breaking down, for a moment, into tears; "but I think, though I may have seemed to the world a hard man, I have been a loving father to you. For whom have I toiled? For whom have I cared to be rich? For whom have I built up fortune and name? For whom have I remained lonely and a widower? For you, Lina—for the child whom I loved—the daughter of whom I was proud—the woman who disgraces me, and bows down my head, in my old age, with shame!"

"Father! my dear father!" cried Lina, "I never thought you would take this so much to heart. I even fancied—"

"It is the disgrace, Lina, that kills me," he said. "These proud Hatherleighs, who, for ten years—"

"And am I a stock or a stone," interrupted Lina, passionately, "that I should never take revenge for all their long scorn of me? What do I care for their ancient blood, and their long pedigree, and their absurd pride? What I have done will level all that to the dust one day, and I am glad of it!"

The energy of her words startled Mr. Spence, and he looked at her in an amazed way, and then said:

"Your idea of vengeance is a folly. You will find all the disgrace and dishonor will be yours, not theirs. Let them only gain a glimmer of the truth, and you will be an outcast."

"But they will never know the truth," she said; and, returning to her old, childish way, she laid her hand on her father's shoulder, and pressed her cheek against his. "You won't tell, and I won't tell, and so how are they to find out?"

"Oh, Lina! of what avail would our silence be, if suspicion were once aroused? In a case like this, the whole world is against you, and enemies and witnesses would spring up on every side."

"But I have taken such precautions, father. I have half killed myself for concealment's sake."

Mr. Spence glanced at her childish face, and flung her hand impatiently from his arm.

"Do you dare tell me so?" he cried, in anger.

"Yes, father; and I'd run all the risk again, rather than forego my revenge upon the Hatherleighs. They have scorned me, hated me, despised me—called me base and vile, low, and unworthy of their name! Was I to bear that forever? They shall see, one day, how I value their name!"

"Lina, are you mad?" cried her father. "Do you know that even now Byles is tracking you down? The moment I knew the contents of your letter, I was certain he would do this, and I sent for the fellow, that I might at least find out his movements, and baffle him, if I can. I saw him this morning on the steps of Mrs. Bennet's house, and I guess he is gone now to your hotel."

"What shall we do?" said Lina.

"Tell me," said Mr. Spence, "did Dr. Austen ever see this scoundrel lover of yours—this Philip Dalton—during his attendance on you?"

Lina answered her father by a look of terror, wonder, and pain indescribable; then her white face drooped suddenly, and if he had not caught her, she would have fallen forward on the floor senseless. On returning to consciousness, she covered her face with her hands with a quick shudder, and lay still thus for many moments. The nurse was standing by her, with the woman of the house, whom Mr. Spence had summoned hastily, while he himself, alarmed and anxious, held a little aloof, fearing to distress her by his presence.

"I am better—I am quite well," she cried, pettishly. "I wish you would both go away. Where is papa? I want him."

"I am here, Lina," he answered, coming forward as the women retired. "You must keep yourself quiet, my dear; you must not talk. My poor child, I forgive you all; and I wish, with all my heart, I had let you marry this man, since you loved him. Perhaps it would have been happier for both of us; the grand match you made has not brought us much joy, Lina."

"I did not foresee this," she said. "I did not think I should have to inflict pain on you. Say again you forgive me, father."

He said the words soothingly, entreating her to be calm; but she held him still in a passionate clasp, sobbing aloud in her excitement.

"Don't grieve for my marriage," she cried, hysterically. "I love Ralph—I love him dearly—I am glad I gave up Philip for his sake. If I have seen Philip here in London, I meant no harm—only—I cannot tell you any more. Don't ask me! Oh, don't ask me!"

Before the fact of her deceit, her concealment of her address, the visits of Philip Dalton to the hotel, and his letter, her words passed like a micro breath over her father's mind. He sighed deeply and wearily.

"Say no more, Lina; only promise me that you will never see this man again."

"I cannot promise that," she answered, slowly, as all the blood forsook her face and lips. "We shall be obliged to meet; but I will promise you never to see him but with your consent."

"That will content me," returned her father.

"You will never see him, in that case, Lina."

"Did you not ask me, just now, father, if Dr. Austen saw him? No, he never saw his face, or—heard of him, as far as I am aware. I did not name him to the doctor at the hotel."

"Then I can take Byles safely to Dr. Austen's, and ask questions concerning you, the answers to which will destroy any suspicion he may have formed," said Mr. Spence.

"Yes," answered Lina, thoughtfully. "Anything will be better than that Byles should think what you think."

As she said this, there rang from her lips a sudden peal of hysterical laughter, which died away and began again, till it ended in a passion of tears and sobs, half childish, half womanly.

CHAPTER VI.

"On, yes, sir, we've had him here prowling round," said the porter of the hotel; "a poor, miserable fellow, trying to bribe me with half-a-crown, and says 'Mrs. Hatherleigh had sent him for the address of her nurse, which she'd lost.'"

"It is a lie!" returned Mr. Spence. "Did the rascal get the woman's address?"

"No, sir; my mistress had lost it."

"The nurse, I suppose, often saw Mrs. Hatherleigh's brother when he called here?" said Mr. Spence.

"No doubt of that, sir," returned the porter, airily; "and if she knows the young gentleman's whereabouts, there's no telling what mischief she'll do."

Mr. Spence hurried on to Dr. Austen's, to ascertain whether or no Byles had dared to apply to him for the address of the woman who had attended on his daughter. No, he had not been there.

"But if you want Mrs. Grigson's address," observed the doctor, "here it is."

The woman's residence was in one of the streets leading out of Gray's Inn Lane, and when Mr. Spence reached it, he heard, with infinite satisfaction, that she had that morning been summoned into Scotland.

Her departure was an immense relief.

"Byles thought I should hear of it, had he applied to Dr. Austen," he said to himself. "That proves he is not so sure in his suspicions that he can venture to brave my anger and his own dismissal. No, he is still afraid of me."

The idea was comforting, and he took it with him to his apartments, where he found Lina at her late breakfast, and Byles, seated on the edge of his chair, more submissive and meek than ever.

There was an indescribable change in the man; his cringing demeanor was more real, his abject tone had a ring of true terror in it now, and his very sniff spoke of fear and submission. With one scrutinizing look Mr. Spence perceived all this, and decided that his unpleasant clerk was a beaten and a baffled man.

"Mr. Byles has been very amusing this morning, father," said Lina, in a tone slightly sarcastic; "he has been reading the paper to me."

"Any news?" asked Mr. Spence, carelessly.

"Only that Captain Hatherleigh's ship has gone to Gibraltar, sir, having sprung a leak, and there is some talk of her being ordered home."

"And what then?" said Mr. Spence, snappishly.

"Oh, nothing, sir; nothing," returned Byles.

He laid down the paper as he spoke, and then Mr. Spence saw, in large type, "Wreck of an Australian Steamer."

"What is this?" he said, taking it up. "Read it out, Byles."

A curious look passed over the face of the clerk, and he glanced at his master beneath his eyelids.

Captain Hatherleigh being at sea, I thought Mrs. Ralph wouldn't like to hear of wrecks," he said, "so I avoided reading that to her."

"Thank you," observed Lina; "but since the Cormorant is safe, I am quite brave enough to hear of the misfortunes of other ships."

Upon this, Byles read out the account of the wreck, concluding with the list of passengers supposed to be lost. Among these were the names of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dalton and Hester Hartrow.

"Ah, here is the cause of his discomfiture!" thought Mr. Spence. "The man has escaped him."

"There, I was quite sure Mrs. Ralph was not strong enough to listen to histories of wrecks!" exclaimed Byles.

Almost fainting, and with every vestige of color fled from her face, Lina had fallen back on her chair, of which she grasped the arms convulsively, to save herself from falling.

"Poor Hester!" she said, with shaking lips.

"How dreadful!"

Mr. Spence caught at her words eagerly and thankfully.

"I don't wonder she is agitated," he said to Byles; "she was very kind to Hester Hartrow. My dear Lina, don't distress yourself. Hadn't you better lie down for a while?"

Mrs. Ralph was evidently glad of this chance of escape, for she rose instantly, and left the room with a trembling step. The eyes of both men followed her till the door had closed, then Byles fixed his gaze meekly on the newspaper.

"I was not aware," said he, "that Hester Hartrow had gone to Australia till I saw this paragraph. Did you know it, sir?"

"I knew she intended to go," returned Mr. Spence, shortly.

"Dear me!" resumed Byles. "I never thought of it before; but I wonder whether this Mr. Dalton who is drowned, is the same

who used to come so often to Coryton about ten years ago."

"What does it matter if he is the same?" said Mr. Spence, turning fiercely on his clerk, with a voice and visage which made Ephraim Byles's sharp knees shake together.

"Nothing, sir; it don't matter at all, sir. Of course not."

"Very likely it is the same Dalton," continued Spence, carelessly, "and I can't say I feel very sorry for him."

"He was an old admirer of Miss Lina's, I think, sir."

"I know nothing of Dalton's admiration of my daughter," said Mr. Spence fiercely, "or of any other scoundrel's presumption in the days when she was Miss Spence. But I would thank you, Mr. Byles, not to mention Mrs. Ralph Hatherleigh to me again in such a familiar tone."

"I never meant any disrespect, sir," stammered Byles.

Mr. Spence made no reply, but unfastening a packet of papers, he plunged into business, and proceeded to give his clerk instructions respecting certain cases which he was to carry forthwith to his agents in Gray's Inn. Scarcely were his orders given, when the child's nurse, with a frightened face, presented herself at the door.

"Mistress is very ill, sir," she said. "I think you ought to send for a doctor."

"I can call at a doctor's on my way to Gray's Inn," interposed Byles, eagerly. "Let me go, sir—pray let me go at once."

"Take a cab, Byles, and charge it to me," he said, hurriedly. "It is only weakness, nurse, depend on it."

"Ah, it is anything but the wreck," murmured Byles to himself, sardonically.

Then he went headlong down stairs, and shot himself out of the door like an arrow charged with poison.

"My dear father, I hate doctors. I am quite well; it was only the shock frightened me," said Lina, turning her head wearily on her pillow with a deep sigh.

"My dear, there is no harm done in fetching a physician," he replied. "Byles for certain would call in the one nearest."

"Byles! have you sent Byles?" cried Lina. "Father, go and fetch me a doctor yourself," she said. "I won't see any one whom Byles brings. I won't indeed."

"My dear Lina, this is truly a folly!" expostulated Mr. Spence.

"Father, you don't know Byles as I know him," she said, in a fearful whisper. "He hates me. I'll see no doctor of his fetching."

"My dear Lina, you shall do what you like," sighed her father.

"Then fetch some medical gentleman who lives close by, and get rid of Byles's man, when he comes, by any excuse you can invent," cried Lina, excitedly.

Frightened by her vehemence—childish as it was—Mr. Spence gave her the required promise in a few earnest words.

"Now I'll try to go to sleep," she said; "I won't think any more."

As Mr. Spence stole softly away from her room, these words followed him like a whisper, revealing the foibles of his daughter's soul. Throughout her girlhood Caroline Spence, without the least compunction, had given her father bitter anxieties.

The lover for whom she had dared her father's anger, for whose sake she had crept out of windows, and scaled garden walls, and worn wild disguises, was not likely to believe that she deserted him of her own free will. He was slow to perceive that she had done all this for the love of adventure and of amusement, not for the love of him; he could not guess it was the excitement, the secrecy, and hazard of the affair, which had been the charm to lead her on, and that she could renounce all these as eagerly as she had pursued them, the moment her own interest or a newer excitement tempted her to the sacrifice. But if Philip Dalton could be cheated into thinking her the victim of parental tyranny, Byles could not; his yellow eyes had read her pretty clearly from the time when, kitten-like, she had tortured his poor, mean, small heart into hatred, and visions of a dire revenge—visions at this moment fading away, vanishing bitterly beneath the waves which covered the Australian ship.

But this wreck which crushed Byles, cheered Mr. Spence; and as he walked down the street searching on either side for a door with "surgeon" on it, he felt like a man from whose heart a great stone had been suddenly rolled away.

Lina sat at the window of her room looking into the street; her face was no longer pale, it was flushed with excitement, and her eyes were unnaturally bright as they gazed out watchfully upon the passing throng. Suddenly a carriage dashed up to the door, from the box-seat of which Byles glanced upward from window to window. Quick as thought Lina started back, and seizing a scrap of paper, she wrote on it, "Tell papa I am so much better, that I am gone out for a stroll." This she pinned to the toilette cushion, and catching at her hat and cloak which lay on the bed, she rushed up the flight of stairs which led to the attics. In a moment she had found an empty room—a servant's evidently—and darting within, she closed the door and locked it. Then she fell into a chair, panting for breath, but her anger was too great to enable her to rest; she rose again instantly, and flung the chair aside with a gesture of bitter contempt.

"Byles!" she said, stamping in childish fury, "Byles—that miserable, yellow, despicable simpleton—daring to suspect me!—daring to scheme against me!"

Saying this, she seized the light, rickety chair again, and shook it to and fro with all her strength; then she dashed it from her with passionate force, and sitting down on the floor, she cried like an angry child.

"This way, if you please, Dr. Austen," said

Byles, with his meekest sniff. "No doubt Mrs. Hatherleigh is in the drawing-room."

He entered, much as a cat might enter that hoped to find the cage of a favorite bird open, and expected in another second to have it fluttering under her claw, but the drawing-room was empty. Byles rang the bell at once.

"Please desire Mrs. Hatherleigh to step here," he said to the servant.

"You had better say Dr. Austen waits to see her," observed that gentleman.

Byles followed the servant from the room, and laid his long yellow fingers on her arm.

"I wouldn't advise you to mention the doctor's being here," he said, confidentially. "Mrs. Hatherleigh was so very nervous this morning, that I don't think she'll come down if she knows he is here."

The girl nodded, and ran up stairs, returning in a moment or two with the scrap of paper which Lina had fastened to the cushion. Byles read it, and gnawed his nether lip for rage, then he laid it silently before the doctor.

"Come, come, if Mrs. Hatherleigh is well enough to go out, she does not want me very badly," said the doctor, good-humoredly, rising to leave. "Tell her I am sorry to have missed her."

"Haden't you better wait till she comes in?" asked Byles. "Mrs. Hatherleigh really looked very ill this morning."

"A little hysterical, I suppose," said Dr. Austen. "I'll come again if she wishes it, but I cannot wait—that is impossible."

This was spoken on the stairs, and in another moment the doctor had jumped into his brougham and was gone.

Byles sat down by the drawing-room window, and narrowing his eyes like a cat's, and laying his long yellow paws upon his knees, he blinked up the street and down, waiting patiently.

Meanwhile, Lina, having wept away her childish passion, roused herself, and began to laugh at her own position. She had a quick sense of humor, which often gave a quaint turn to the follies she committed; indeed, she saw them far more easily in a ludicrous shape than a serious one. Few things struck her light soul seriously, or pressed upon her giddy mind an earnest thought.

"I am not going to be suspected, and watched, and worried by such a yellow ogre as Ephraim Byles," she said to herself, half in anger, half in contempt. "There is a back staircase in this house, I know, and I am quite equal to the task of getting down there without being heard, provided I am not seen."

Unheard and unseen Lina reached the hall, opened the front door with sly, silent fingers, and slipped into the shadow of the porch. Here she paused one single second, and then knocked loudly. Thus it happened that Byles, with narrowed eyes blinking up the street, started suddenly at the sound, and stretching himself like a long, lean cat from the window-sill, his glance fell on the pretty, careless figure below. Then he rubbed his eyes, and blinked and winked in wonder and dismay. Why, what a fool he was that he had not seen which way she came! An instant ago he could have sworn this pretty, dainty, muslin-clad woman was not in sight on either side of the way, and now here she was standing smiling before his eyes! And these baffled orbs shrank beneath their narrowed lids, contracting to a pallid speck, as the crest-fallen Byles withdrew his head from the window, and let his yellow hands drop down upon his knees again.

"I hope you are enjoying your ease, Mr. Byles," said Lina, laughingly, as she entered. "Is it very amusing to watch the people passing up and down the street, and glare at everybody that comes in and out?"

Byles rose, with his humblest sniff. "It's amusing to a person like me, Mrs. Ralph, who has only been used to a little country town," he replied. "And I hope there's no harm in it."

"No harm at all, Mr. Byles," said Lina, disdainfully, "unless you were watching for me; in which case, I should consider it an impertinence."

The narrow eyes glanced at her for a moment, then blinking, the eyelids fell, and Byles opened and shut his hand, stretching and shortening the yellow fingers like a cat, that puts forth her claws and draws them in again.

"I did feel a little anxious about you, Mrs. Ralph, when I heard you had gone out," he said.

"Why are you watching me like a cat, and of what do you suspect me?" retorted Lina. "Me!—watching you, Miss Lina! Me!" cried Byles, putting up his ugly hands, in wonder.

"Yes; I saw you watching me from the window, all the way I came down the street," said Lina.

With her childish looking eyes she stared into his cunning face and smiled. The man believed her—against the evidence of his own sense of sight, he believed her. For even a human cat has small chance against these seemingly simple, frank, baby-women, who lisp falsehoods with eyes and lips like an innocent child's.

"I—I wasn't watching you," stammered Byles. "I didn't even see you."

"You'll scarcely make me believe you're grown blind all at once," laughed Lina. "What were your suspicions? Did you think I had gone out to set fire to the Tower, or to commit suicide from the Monument?"

As Lina asked this, Byles felt as if a mill-stone had been lifted from his neck. A moment ago he feared he had betrayed himself, he feared he had shown in his manner that he did really suspect something; now, deceived by a laugh and a jest, he fancied Lina's question had only arisen from pettishness, and she did not truly believe herself to be watched. He could not perceive that she was too wise to ask him such a question seriously.

"I was really a little anxious about you. Here's Mr. Spence coming down the street. I hope he won't say, too, that I am spying on him."

Lina ran to meet her father, eagerly.

"I hope you have not brought an army of doctors with you," she cried. "You see I am quite well, papa. I have been out for a walk."

"You look weak and ill, Lina," he said. "I hope you have seen Dr. Austen?"

"Dr. Austen!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I met him driving hither with Byles, and so, of course, I ceased my search for a physician," answered her father.

"What a pity!" cried Lina. "He must have come while I was out. Did you bring him, Mr. Byles? How kind of you!"

The innocent way in which she spoke quite discomfited the yellow Byles. He smiled a ghastly smile from ear to ear, and stretched his claws upon his knees, without uttering a word.

"How very kind of you!" repeated Lina, with emphasis. "But what made you fetch Dr. Austen? Was there no one nearer whom it would have caused you less trouble to call on, Mr. Byles?"

With his eyes narrowed to a greenish line, and his hideous fingers playing on his knees, Byles lifted his eyelids and glanced at her, furtively; but, with a curious blink, his eyes closed again instantly, and his long hands doubled themselves up limply on his lap.

"Nothing is a trouble that I do for you, Mrs. Ralph," he said, in a smooth, subdued way.

"I am so much obliged to you, Mr. Byles," said Lina, "and I am so sorry you should have had the trouble of bringing my dear old doctor here uselessly."

Still watchful and still silent, the recipient of these thanks sat doubtful and perplexed, like a cat in the sun, out of whose reach the swift and the martin dart to and fro, passing his blinking eyes and his velvet paws without a care.

Glancing sideways at Lina, Byles made a cringing bow and slunk away; and, as his sneaking body disappeared, treachery seemed written on his back down to the very ends of his coat tails, and the mean, careful softness with which he closed the door, had something in it repellent to the nerves of an honest man.

"I hate that reptile," said Lina, passionately. "Father, I wonder how you bear with him!"

"My dear, he has been in my office sixteen years, and understands the ins and outs of all my business," replied Mr. Spence.

Lina pouted, and flung her hat pettishly on the sofa.

"I believe he'd poison you, and me too, if he could do it without putting his neck in danger," she retorted.

"Don't be silly, Lina," returned her father, with some irritation.

"Well, father, you'll own he is horribly disagreeable," observed Lina; "and I believe you are half afraid of him yourself, else you would not have brought him to London to be a spy upon me."

"Not to be a spy upon you, Lina," said Mr. Spence, and his voice shook, "but rather to satisfy the creature there was no cause for espial."

"Exactly so, father. That proves your fear of him. Father, I tell you, you have done wrong," said Lina, laying her hand heavily on Mr. Spence's shoulder.

"How was I to guess the misery you have prepared for yourself, Lina?" he asked, sharply. "I sent for Byles before I had seen you. Has—has he discovered anything?"

"Nothing," said Lina.

He turned toward her, with emotion and pain working on every feature of his sharp, hard face.

"See here, Lina," he said, brokenly—"you have given me plenty of trouble, girl, and many a father would let you go your own way now, and bear your own disgrace; but I am not one of those. You are my daughter still, no matter what you have done; and I mean to stand by you through good and evil. There, that is all I have to say. Now judge for yourself, whether you had better not be explicit with me, and trust me fully; I don't see how I can help you else."

Lina seemed touched, but it was only for a moment. She caught up her hat, and played childishly with the ribbons, laughing a little nervously the while.

"Well, father, I really have not anything to tell—at least, not about Philip Dalton," she added, hastily, as a sudden paleness overspread her face.

She ended with a laugh, slightly forced, and held her hat out at arm's length.

"Oh, my poor hat!" she cried. "I have torn it all to shreds. Good-by, you dear old pater. Don't be miserable about me. I always get out of my little scrapes, you know."

"Lina," said Mr. Spence, sternly, "your thoughtlessness has something fearful in it, to my mind."

But Lina only nodded, and closed the door sharply, leaving him alone.

DELIRIUM TREMENS IN THE HOSPITAL.

The ward devoted to the sufferers from *mania à potu*, or delirium tremens, the "Del. Trem." ward as the nurses and house doctors were apt to call it, would alone furnish scenes for the pencil of the artist, which might surpass those of Hogarth or Holbein, so frightful is the demonic appearance of man, when the victim of his passions, and overcome with awful dread at the horrid shapes which his diseased brain has pictured. The visitor to such a ward, when it is well filled, would almost imagine that he had entered one of the portals of the region of the lost.

One poor victim lies muttering to himself, and constantly picking his bed-clothes, now and then starting up and fixedly staring, with horror delineated in every feature, on some fancied demon emerging from some corner or crevice. Another is hurling back, with awful blasphemy, the taunts and jeers with which his imaginary adversary is tormenting him; while in the grated room off the main ward, reserved for the most violent cases, a poor fellow is shivering madly about, fighting a mortal combat with what seems to him a real enemy. The strait-jacket and well-padded walls,

however, protect him from doing any harm, while the strong men chosen as nurses for these patients cow them down with a steady look, and preserve a Satanic order in this pandemonium. Occasionally, however, a sufferer from the effects of strong drink, instead of fearful shapes and imaginations, sees gentle spirits and dreams delightful dreams. A smile is constantly playing on such lips, and he seems like a child dreaming of angels. I well remember a poor artist, who had often suffered from delirium tremens, who told me that in his hours of insanity he saw images that Raphael or Angelo might have traced, and that visions of artistic beauty floated before him, which he could never execute in his sober hours, and yet the period of remorse and intense physical suffering came to him all the same.

NEWS BREVITIES.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, has a negro theatre.

MUMPS is a fashionable disease in Indiana at present.

THERE are more than a million paupers in England and Wales.

A LONDONER has had to pay ten shillings for running his velocipede over a constable.

THE Sixth Revenue District of Kentucky distilled 281,536 gallons of whisky during April.

A NEW pier, seven hundred feet in length, is being built out into Lake Michigan, at Waukegan.

CALIFORNIA has now 630 miles of railroad, and confidently expects to build at least 150 more this year.

THE late Emperor Maximilian's Quartermaster-General is said to be selling soda water in Texas.

A WHITE man in Holly Springs, Miss., the other day sold his wife for \$22—the wife consenting to the sale.

A SINGLE tree in Kentucky has been the gallows of four victims of lynch law during the last twelve months.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE man, living near Dover, reports that he has a view of forty fawns from the roof of his house.

SINCE the death of Noah Webster, at least one thousand slang words have become a part of the language of America.

THE Marquis of Westminster has given a piece of ground for the erection of a workmen's club-house in London.

PEOPLE of Wyoming don't know whether to call their female Judge a Justices of the Peace, or a Justice of the Peace.

THE editor of an Iowa paper believes that any one man can start out and marry twenty women in his town before night.

HAYES CITY, Kansas, has a female constable. The young men are in constant fear that she may have "an attachment" for them.

THE "Yale Navy" with its officers is to be abolished, and succeeded by the "Yale University Boat Club," with a President and Captain.

ANOTHER grove of big trees, nearly fourteen hundred in number, in Calaveras county, California, has this season been opened to the view of tourists.

A WEALTHY stage-struck English amateur is coming to America. He gives Shakespearean plays, takes the leading parts, and places everybody on the free list.

A BELGIAN was recently hung by mistake in Bruges, and as a slight recompense to his wife, the generous-hearted Government have accorded her free permission to beg.

A YOUNG man in Coldwater, Mich., suddenly lost his voice on Christmas, and he has been unable to speak since, except in his sleep, when he talks as fluently as ever.

A BOSTON merchant expresses his opinion that "if Congress would adjourn for ten years, business would start up, and the country would soon be in a prosperous condition."

THERE is a journal in Paris published in the Japanese language. It is in the shape of a memorandum book without backs, and is edited by M. Rosny, a professor of Oriental tongues.

AT Augusta, Wis., where more prayer is considered necessary, the people are recommended to secret devotions at the blowing of the half-past eleven whistle at the steam mill.

DURING the last one hundred and sixty years France and England have each granted 80,000 patents. During the same period the United States has granted more than 100,000 and rejected 50,000.

A TERRIFIC hail-storm passed over a portion of Broome County, on the 23d of May, tearing down fences, uprooting trees, and doing a large amount of damage to buildings, fruit trees and crops.

THERE exist two hundred forms of religious faith under the government of Great Britain. When the inhabitants of India are considered, more than half the subjects of Queen Victoria are polygamists.

ONE of the most singular patents ever issued is one to a Hartford man for a device of "elongated pad plates and adjustable elastic bands for securing the features of a deceased person in their natural position."

A COLORED doctor at Charleston has certified that one of his patients "Died with Cronbach Disease and Lack of Casomion Died Coroner from hand of Dr A Hasleton Medical Sexton of Director Church."

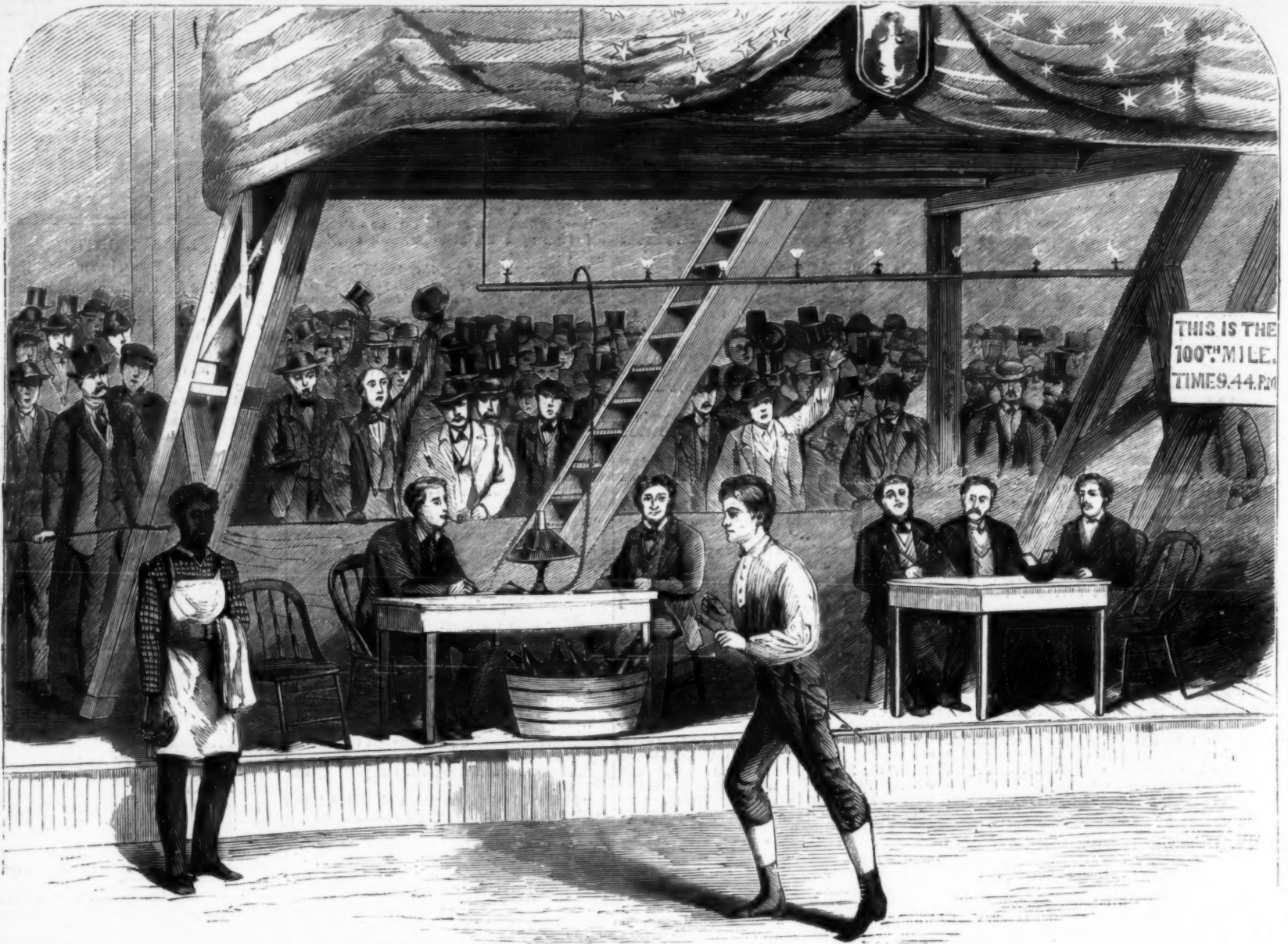
HEREAFTER, according to the laws of Mississippi, any person sending or accepting a challenge, or second carrying a challenge, or any person going out of the State to fight a duel, will be forever disfranchised.

A FASHIONABLE tailor in Pittsburg, Penn., who failed to "fit" a fashionable young man of that smoky city, has found himself dragged before a court and put under \$300 bonds to answer a charge of false pretenses, i. e., that he didn't know his business.

A MIDDLE-AGED man was publicly punished with twenty lashes by order of a Court in London, Ontario. The official flagellator wore a mask. Delaware will be pleased to learn this. It was the first case of whipping in Canada, under an act passed in 1869.

THE Edinburgh "Journal" relates that a Scotch farmer having swallowed a sovereign, so heartily appreciated, some time after, Mr. Sothorn's rendition of "Lord Dundreary" that in a fit of laughter he raised the coin from his stomach, and spat it from his mouth.

THE Newburyport "Herald" expresses its disapproval of the multiplication of State Boards in Massachusetts, saying that they are taking to themselves, little by little, the powers formerly held by the towns, which, in the early days, "were cradles of political liberty, in which a knowledge of the methods in the transaction of public business was nursed."



THE LAST MILE.—E. P. WESTON'S UNPARALLELED PEDESTRIAN FEAT AT THE EMPIRE SKATING RINK, CITY OF NEW YORK—ONE HUNDRED MILES WITHIN TWENTY-TWO HOURS.—SEE PAGE 206.

THE COMING MAN.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

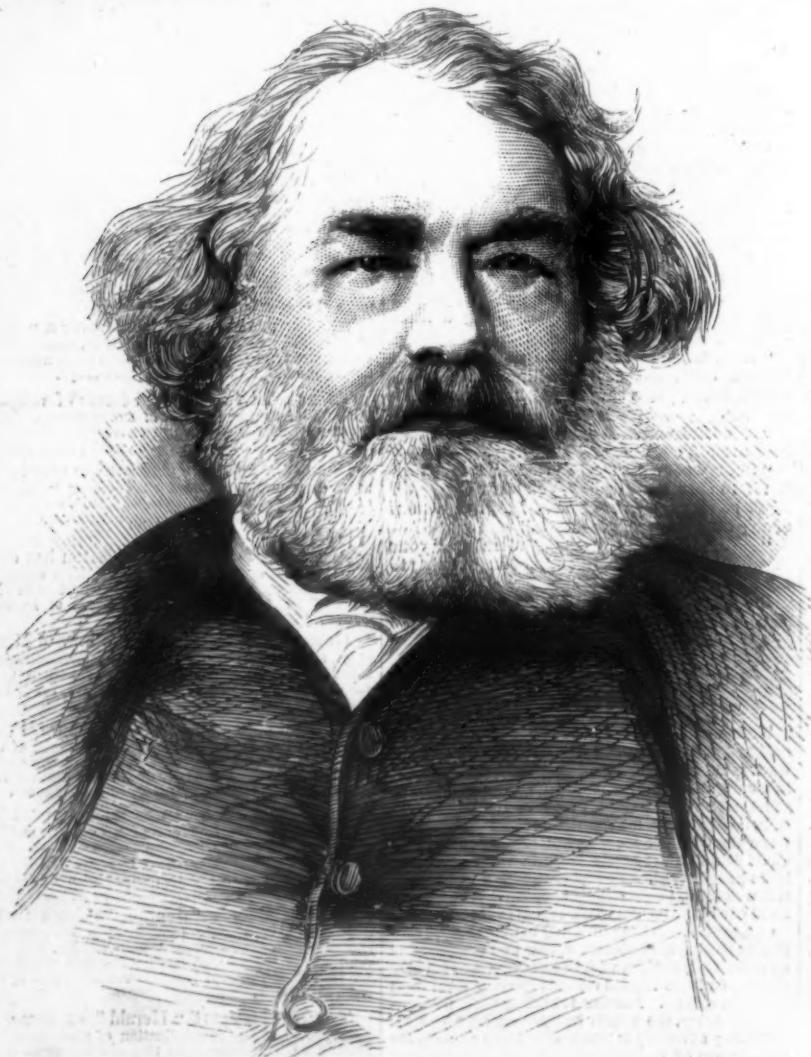
In their camps at night, while at work on the Pacific Railway, the Chinese made themselves comfortable, much after the fashion of their

white neighbors. They were generally crowded pretty closely into their tents, and sometimes slept with as much room to move about as if stowed in a sardine-box. Their superfluous garments were hung on lines, when not needed for bed-clothing, and their hats were tossed about the floor or suspended against the wall. Those who had mending to perform, generally

attended to it at night; and they managed to keep their clothes in good condition, despite the distance from stores and the hard labor they were engaged in. Smoking was not forbidden in the tents, and very often, when the evening meal was over, the air of their habitations was made hot and stifling by the rapid consumption of tobacco in Chinese pipes. As

for sleeping-quarters, the ground served quite as well as any other place, and the Chinese were never fastidious, provided the earth was hard and dry.

Sacramento has a large population of Chinese, engaged in pretty much the same kinds of business as their countrymen at San Francisco. During the great flood, several years ago, the



THE LATE MARK LEMON, EDITOR OF THE LONDON "PUNCH."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY E. & H. T. ANTHONY.—SEE PAGE 199.



GENERAL GEORGE H. SHARPE, U. S. MARSHAL OF THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.



THE COMING MAN.—CHINESE TENT SCENE, AT NIGHT, ON THE CALIFORNIA PACIFIC RAILROAD, SACRAMENTO VALLEY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

Chinese at Sacramento suffered greatly; they were cared for by the "Six Companies," and not only did the Chinese merchants of San Francisco attend to the wants of their own people, but they subscribed to the fund for the relief of the Americans who had lost their property by the rising of the river. One arm of the river at Sacramento is so frequented by the Oriental washermen, that it has received the name of Chinese Slough. On any pleasant day the work of cleansing linen may be seen in progress, and in some features it differs from the American mode. Small rafts are anchored in the river, or secured near the shore; a single plank suffices for a bridge, and each raft is large enough to sustain a man with his table, tubs, and baskets. John has a way of pounding linen, that is not always conducive to its integrity; and it is sometimes necessary to teach him that he should be

a preserver rather than a destroyer. To his credit be it said, that he improves, as a washerman, by coming to America; in China he will ruin any linen article in half a dozen washings, and when he wishes to get through his work rapidly, he will put fine gravel into the garments before pounding them. There he has no rival and can do as he pleases; but, in California, he comes in competition with Bridget, and Katrina, and governs himself accordingly.

A Chinese in San Francisco takes as naturally to washing clothes as an Irishman does to hock-drying or dray-driving. All through the cities there are signs announcing that Hop Wing, or Lee Ho, or Chin Sing, takes in washing; and very often the linen-cleansers go from house to house and make the inquiry "Wantee washee?" If the answer is affirmative, he makes his bargain, and returns the goods at the time agreed

upon; if it is negative, he patiently moves on and continues his inquiry. Though often rebuffed, he never ceases his search for employment, until satisfied that none can be had of the kind he desires. Then, without complaint, and with never a sigh at his ill fortune, he looks for something else, and sooner or later finds something that his hands can do. John is a model of patience and perseverance, and his example could well be followed by many who look upon him with contempt.

GENERAL GEORGE H. SHARPE,
U. S. MARSHAL OF THE SOUTHERN
DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.

This gentleman, although a native of Ulster County, is so closely allied, both by blood and

marriage, with some of the oldest and best families of this city that he might almost be written down a veritable "Knickerbocker."

His uncle, after whom he was named, was the senior member of the firm of Sharpe & Tuttle, leading dry-goods merchants in this city half a century ago, and will be also well remembered by our oldest inhabitants as an active and generous patron of the turf.

At the breaking out of the late war, General Sharpe was engaged in a lucrative practice of the law at Kingston, and was also enjoying an ample income from his private fortune. In spite of the tempting inducements of inglorious ease, he was one of the first to offer his services for the suppression of the rebellion, and was first commissioned as captain. Being soon promoted to a colonelcy, he raised a regiment in his native county with unprecedented rapidity. He



THE COMING MAN.—THE CHINESE SLOUGH, SACRAMENTO CITY, CALIFORNIA.—WASHERMEN AT WORK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

LOCKWOOD, ROGERS & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Watch Dealers,
No. 187 Broadway, New York.

HES. \$9.



AFTER THIRTY YEARS' trial, the "PAIN KILLER" may justly be styled the great medicine of the world, for there is no region of the globe into which it has not found its way, and none where it has not been largely used and highly prized. Moreover, there is no climate to which it has not proved itself to be well adapted for the cure of a considerable variety of diseases; it is a speedy and safe remedy for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, wounds, and various other injuries, as well as for dysentery, diarrhoea, and bowel complaints generally. It is admirably suited for every race of men on the face of the globe.

May 14.

Ladies & Gentlemen

OUT OF THE CITY,
TAKE YOUR OWN MEASURE AND SEND TO

E. A. BROOKS, Agt.,

Importer and Manufacturer of

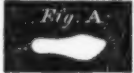
BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

575 Broadway, New York.

Directions for Measuring the Foot.

First. Place the foot on a piece of paper and trace the outline of same with a pencil, which will give the length and spread of the foot, as shown in figure A. Second. Make the following measurements, in inches and fractions, with tape measure, as shown in figure B, viz:

1st.—The ball of the foot.
2d.—The last instep.
3d.—The high instep.
4th.—The heel.
5th.—The ankle.
6th.—The calf.



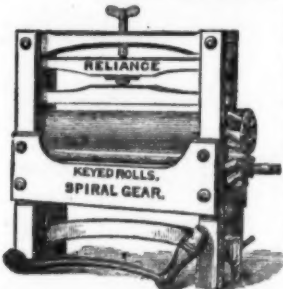
This House is the largest in the City, and was established in 1848.

BOOSEY'S

50-CENT PIANOFORTE TUTOR.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST MODERN TUTOR, forty-four pages, full music-size, price 50 cents. Simple to learn from, easy to teach by. Tutors for singing men's and ladies' voices; flute, clarinet, cornet, violin, concertina, cabinet-organ, etc. Each 50 cents. Each method complete, and written by the most eminent professors, including Baile, Hutton, Fraikin, etc. A new catalogue free, of the cheapest and largest collections of modern music in the world. BOOSEY & CO., 4 Bond street, removed from 644 Broadway, N. Y.

Reliance Wringer, IMPROVED.



Keyed Rolls. White Rubber Spiral Cogs. Easy Working. Has Curved Clamp. Fits any Tub. The Best. The Cheapest. TRY IT.

PROVIDENCE TOOL CO.,

29 Beekman St., N. Y.

PROV., R. I.

'SYMPHER & CO.,

(Successors to D. Marley),

No. 557 Broadway, New York,

DEALERS IN

Modern and Antique Furniture, Bronzes, China, and Articles of Vertu.

ETTA W. PIERCE'S

"HIDDEN AWAY,"

A story of wonderful power, a plot full of interest, characters delineated with a master-hand, begins in No. 263 of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER, now out, and for sale everywhere.



INVALIDS' TRAVELING-CHAIRS. From \$15 to \$40, for in and out door use. And one having the use of the hands can propel and guide one. Having no use of the hands, any child of five years can push a grown person about. Invalids' Carriages to order. PATENT SEDAN CARRYING CHAIRS.

State your case, and send stamp for circular. STEPHEN W. SMITH, No. 90 William St., New York.

CURIOSITY—A \$10 and \$20 (C.) bill sent as a curiosity for 50 cents. H. C. JONES, 27 Otis Block, Chicago. 765-9

A MYSTERY SOLVED.—FIFTEEN MINUTES. Private Conversation with Married Ladies! By one of their number. Sent FREE for stamp. 766-7 Address Mrs. H. METZGER, Hanover, Pa.

"WAIT FOR ME."

A SPLENDID ART-PICTURE. ENGRAVED by Linton after an original painting by Mrs. S. C. Anderson, is given away with No. 263 of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York,

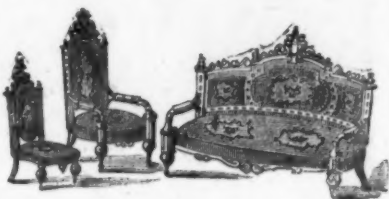
Still continue to keep the largest stock of

PARLOR, DINING, AND BEDROOM

Furniture, Carpets,

Oil Cloths, Mattresses, Spring Beds, Etc.,

of any house in the United States, which they offer at Retail and Wholesale prices.



The Collins Watch Factory.



TO CLUBS: Where six Watches are ordered at one time, we send a seventh Watch free. Goods sent by express to all parts of the United States, to be paid for on delivery.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., No. 335 Broadway, New York.

The Celebrated Imitation GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, "Collins Metal" (Improved Oroide). These justly celebrated Watches have been so thoroughly tested during the last four years, and their reputation for time, and as imitation of Gold Watches, is so well established, as to require no recommendations. They retain their color, and each one is fully guaranteed by special certificate. Prices: Horizontal Watches, \$10; Full-Jeweled Patent Levers, \$15—equal in appearance and for time to gold ones costing \$150; those of extra fine finish, \$30—equaling a \$200 gold watch; also, an extra heavy, superbly finished, and splendid watch, at \$25—this equals in appearance a \$250 gold one. All our watches are in hunting cases, Gents' and Ladies' sizes. Chains, \$2 to \$8. Also, Jewelry of every kind, equal to gold, at one-tenth the price.

The goods of C. E. Collins & Co. have invariably given satisfaction. "N. Y. Times." "One of the \$20 Watches is worn in our office, and we have no hesitation in recommending them."—Fomeroy's Democrat.



LADIES!

A long-needed want has been met by FITZ-GIBBONS'S PATENT CEDAR-LINED MOTH-PROOF FUR BOX, which is a sure protection, and can be bought at a very small cost. Every lady should have a set box for her muff and collar.

Every military man should have a cedar-lined box for his uniform.

Every one should have a cedar-lined box for their winter clothing. For sale by BINGHAM & HARRIS, Manufacturers of Cedar-Lined and Paper Boxes, 260 Canal Street; also by Furriers, House-furnishers, and Fancy Goods Stores.

OVER \$4,000,000.00 were paid for taxes to U. S. Government during four years by the House of Lorillard. This amount is not exceeded by any Tobacco House in the world.

Their Century Chewing Tobacco is now made of choice, sweet, Redbird, and sun-cured leaf of the best obtainable varieties.

LORILLARD'S Yacht Club Smoking is made of Oronoke, or Hyco Leaf, of N. C. and Va., esteemed among judges as the finest tobacco for the purpose ever found, and prepared by an original and patented process, whereby the bitter and acrid properties, as well as the nicotine is extracted, rendering it mild and harmless to nervous constitutions; it has a delightful aroma, leaves no disagreeable taste, and will not burn the tongue if a good pipe is used.

The Eureka Smoking is also a favorite Brand, being made of choice Virginia and always burns free and smooth; has an agreeable flavor, but is of heavier body than the Yacht Club, and cheaper in price; by mixing these two together an article of any desired strength may be obtained.

As an evidence of the popularity of Lorillard's Smoking, would say over 10,000,000 packages were sold during 1869, and still the demand increases.

10 GALLONS OF WHISKY FOR \$1. Instructions 25 cents. Address BIRD, Port Deposit, Md. 765-8

THE SCHOOLS—Portraits of the best pupils in the schools throughout the country are given in FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY. "These portraits will not only increase the popularity of the Weekly, but prove a great incentive to young students to excel in all that is commendable."—Boston Journal.

PSYCHOMANCY, FASCINATION; OR, Science of the Soul, as applied to the purposes of life. 400 pages, cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A. A curious book for inquisitive people. It contains complete instructions to acquire this wonderful power over men or animals. Can be obtained by sending 10 cents for postage. Address to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN INVALID.

Published for the benefit of young men and others who suffer from Nervous Debility, etc., supplying the means of self-cure. Written by one who cured himself, and sent free on receiving postpaid directed envelope. Address NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ARE YOU GOOD AT GUESSING riddles? Take FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY, and win a prize.

A GREAT CHANCE FOR AGENTS! \$75 to \$200 per month. We want to employ a good agent in every county in the U. S. on commission or salary to introduce our World Renowned Pure White Wire Clothes Line; will last a hundred years. If you want profitable and pleasant employment, address HUDSON RIVER WIRE Co., 75 William St., N. Y., or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago.

\$250 A Month with Stencil and Key Check Dies. Don't fail to secure Circular and Samples, free. Address S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

THE UNDERCLIFF

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL,

FOR YOUNG LADIES,

CONDUCTED BY

Mrs. Morris and Miss Pickersgill,

COLD SPRING, OPPOSITE WEST POINT,

The residence of General Morris, surrounded by an extensive and beautifully shaded Park, and offering, by its proximity to New York, the advantages of city and country.

The course of instruction is liberal. French spoken habitually in the family. Languages, Music, Drawing and Painting pursued, under accomplished professors. Lectures on various subjects delivered, with suitable diagrams. Constant attention to deportment and physical health.

TERMS:

For Boarding Pupils, Per Annum.—Board and Tuition in English, French, and Latin, \$400; Music and Singing, per quarter, \$20 to \$40; Fuel, per season, \$4.

For Day Scholars, Per Annum.—Tuition in English, French, and Latin—First Department, \$125; Second do., \$100; Third do., \$75; Primary do., \$50.

Use of Piano, \$5 per quarter; Seat in Church, \$6 per annum; Washing, per do., \$1. No deduction made for absence. Each young lady requires sheets, pillow-cases, towels, table napkins. All clothing must be marked in full.

Pupils received at any time, and charged from the day of entry.

The school year consists of two equal sessions of twenty weeks each, commencing in September, and terminating June 30th. Payments to be made quarterly, in advance.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY City, Town, Village and County in the Union for the

Wonders of the World.

By far the most exciting, attractive, humorous, entertaining and valuable book ever issued from the American Press, containing a larger amount of historical, biographical, curious and startling incidents than any work of modern times, and presented in a form so attractive that even the untutored mind finds in it subject of absorbing attention. Over

ONE THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS,

by the most eminent artists in Europe and America, 128 in number, making it altogether the most unique, complete and elegant pictorial work ever published.

To energetic and efficient canvassers an opportunity for making money is here offered rarely presented in a lifetime, as no one who sees the book can refuse to buy it.

It comprises Startling Incidents, Interesting Scenes and Wonderful Events, in all Countries, all Ages, and among all People.

Edited by the distinguished author and artist,

C. C. ROSENBERG.

Agents are everywhere meeting with unprecedented success in selling this great work, and although times are dull, no canvasser who understands the first principles of his business can fail to make \$100 to \$150 per month, if he works only one-half his time.

One Agent in Milwaukee, Wis., reports 20 Subscribers in One Day.

One Agent in Monticello, Ind., reports 32 Subscribers in One Day.

One in Denver, Col., reports 118 Subscribers in Four Days.

And a great many others from 75 to 100 a Week.

In fact, it is the book of all books in the field, has no opposition, and sells with equal readiness to all parties, sects, and sections, and justifies all the encomiums passed upon it by the press of the country.

"Fifty years ago such a book as this would have been considered a miracle."—N. Y. Herald.

"It is a picture-gallery and library combined, and it would not be a very great stretch, if we added theatre and museum also."—N. Y. Daybook.

"It is the cheapest book ever printed."—Fomeroy's Democrat.

"As a volume of continued information and amusement, it is unsurpassed, and can be recommended as a valuable encyclopedia to families."—N. Y. Express.

"A complete library in itself, not of fiction, but of recorded events of exciting character in modern human history."—N. Y. Times.

"One of the most varied and interesting books recently issued."—N. Y. World.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Proving beyond all doubt that it is the grandest and most readable and beautiful book ever published in this or any other country.

Send for Circulars and Terms at once. Address

UNITED STATES PUBLISHING CO.,

411 Broome St., N. Y.,

129 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill., and

177 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio, and

130 Canal St., New Orleans, La.

YOUNG COIN COLLECTOR NOW appears in FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

VINEGAR. HOW MADE FROM CIDER, WINE, Molasses or Sorghum in 10 hours without using drugs. For circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD TAKE FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER, the most unexceptionable paper of the day, full of excellent illustrations and the most charming stories and sketches.

\$60 A WEEK paid agents in a new business. Address Saco Novelty Co., Saco, Me.

U. S. PIANO CO. N. Y. \$290 FOR 1ST CLASS 7' 6" SENT ON TRIAL. CIRCULARS MAILED FREE.

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY OF CUBA.

Conducted by the SPANISH GOVERNMENT. \$300,000 in GOLD. Drawn every Seventeen Days. Prizes paid in Gold, and information furnished. The highest rates paid for Doubloons, and all kinds of Gold and Silver; also for all Government Securities. TAYLOR & CO., Bankers, 16 Wall St., N. Y.

A HANDSOME FULL GILT PHOTOGRAPH Album, holding 30 full-size Pictures, mailed, post-paid, for 38 cents; & for \$1; \$2.25 per dozen. Circulars free. Address CHARLES SEYMOUR, Holland, N. Y.

FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER contains every week the portrait and biography of a distinguished American who owes his success to his own unaided exertion.

Especially to Wives

AND THOSE CONTEMPLATING THE WEDDED STATE.

CONSIDER

your future interests, by insisting upon your husband having a Policy on his life, for your sole use, in the

Government Security

LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Office, No. 17 Warren Street, New York.

EACH POLICY

is registered in the Insurance Department of the State of New York, and secured by

Special Deposits.

CONSISTING OF GOVERNMENT BONDS, AND BONDS AND MORTGAGES.

OFFICERS:

H. P. MORGAN, President.

GEORGE WOLFORD (Late Deputy Superintendent Insurance Department), Vice-President.

G. W. ARNOLD, Secretary.

THE

Meriden Britannia Co.

199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

SOLE PROPRIETORS, MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTMEN OF THE

CELEBRATED SILVER-PLATED, PORCELAIN-LINED

ICE PITCHERS,

SUPERIOR IN ALL RESPECTS TO ANY OTHERS NOW MANUFACTURED.

THEY HAVE THE UNIVERSAL COMMENDATION OF THE BEST TRADE,

AND ARE INDORSED BY DR. S. DANA HAYES, STATE ASSAYER OF MASSACHUSETTS, WHOSE CERTIFICATE ACCOMPANIES EACH PITCHER.

THEY ARE NOT ONLY CLEANER AND LIGHTER, BUT ARE MUCH MORE DURABLE THAN THE METAL-LINED PITCHERS.

IN ADDITION TO OUR UNEQUALLED VARIETY OF FINE NICKEL AND WHITE METAL ELECTRO-PLATED TABLE WARE, WE NOW OFFER AN ENTIRELY NEW LINE OF SILVER-PLATED

PERSIAN, ROMAN and GOTHIC PATTERNS OF

FORKS AND SPOONS,

WHICH, FOR BEAUTY OF DESIGN AND FINISH, CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

BEING EXTRA HEAVILY PLATED BY OUR NEW PATENT PROCESS, WHICH DEPOSITS THE SILVER IN ANY REQUISITE THICKNESS ON THE PARTS MOST EXPOSED TO WEAR.

THEY ARE UNEQUALLED FOR DURABILITY BY ANY NOW IN THE MARKET MADE BY THE OLD PROCESS.

ALL SPOONS AND FORKS PLATED BY THIS IMPROVED METHOD ARE STAMPED

1847.—ROGERS BROS.—XII.

AND OUR TRADE MARK AS BELOW:



WAREHOUSE AND SALESROOM:

199 BROADWAY,

AND AT THE MANUFACTORIES,

WEST MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT.

767-50

ELEGANT BRONZED

Iron Bedsteads, Cribs and Cradles,

IN GREAT VARIETY, AND OF

Superior Style and Finish

TUCKER'S PATENT SPRING BED,

Combining the essentials of Comfort, Durability, Cleanliness and Cheapness. It is deservedly the most popular Spring Bed known. Manufactured and for sale to the trade by the

TUCKER MANUFACTURING CO.,

Warehouses, 30 and 41 Park Place, New York, and 117 and 119 Court street, Boston.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS'



SAPOLIO

CLEANS, POLISHES, AND IS CHEAPER & BETTER THAN SOAP.

Depot, 211 Washington Street, New York.



A NAVAL WARNING.

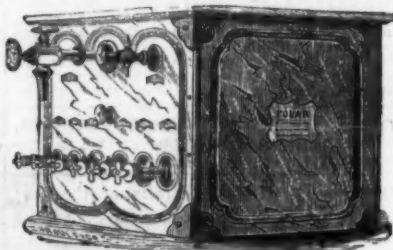
ADMIRAL PORTER—"Look out for that rock, messmates. It will sink us yet. It has already destroyed half the navy!"

ALL WANTING FARMS,

9,000 acres good soil, mild climate, 34 miles south of Philadelphia. Price only \$25 per acre. Also, improved farms. The place is growing more rapidly than most any other place in the United States. Thousands are settling. Address, C. K. LANDIS, Vineland, New Jersey.

FRANG'S Weekly Bulletin: "FLOWERS OF MEMORY," "FLOWERS OF HOPE." FRANG'S Chromos, sold in all respectable Art and Book Stores throughout the world. FRANG'S Illustrated Catalogue sent free, on receipt of stamp, by L. FRANG & CO., Boston.

BIGELOW'S PATENT POLAR SODA APPARATUS.



Call upon or address

DAVID WHITE, Agent.

BIGELOW MANUFACTURING COMPANY, No. 309 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Armory of the 22d Regiment.

WOOD BROTHERS

have removed their entire stock of fine

Pleasure Carriages,

embracing every variety for City, Park, and Road driving, to the Armory of the Twenty-second Regiment,

14th Street, between 6th and 7th Aves.

Attention is called to the fact that these Carriages are fresh stock, exclusively of their own manufacture, of the newest designs and most perfect finish, made for the present season to stock their new warehouses, No. 740 Broadway, but, owing to the late accident that necessitates the rebuilding of their warehouse, have been removed to the above Armory, on 14th Street, and are to be

Sold at Cost of Production.

Elegant Close Coaches - - - \$1000 | Clarances - - - \$1400 to \$1650
Landaus - - - \$1500 to 1650 | Wagons - - - 350 to 400

These Carriages have no superior in Elegance, Durability, or Finish.

Prices fixed, and every Carriage offered for sale is equal in quality to those built to order.
GUARANTEES MADE GOOD IN EVERY CITY OF THE UNION.



Pony Carriages, New Designs for \$150.

ROMAN

Sashes, Scarfs & Ties,

GENUINE GOODS,

OPEN TO-DAY,

AT

UNION ADAMS & CO.,

637 BROADWAY.

767-12-0

THE NEW PARASOL, "LA RÉUSSITE."

THE BEST AND MOST ELEGANT PARASOL ever made: praised by the Trade, extolled by the standard Fashion-magazines and admired by the Ladies, both in Europe and the United States. Sole Manufacturers in America,

BANKS & LEONARD, 474 Broadway.

TO BE HAD OF FIRST-CLASS RETAILERS ONLY.

JAMES & KIRTLAND,

10 READE STREET, NEW YORK.
FOUNTAINS, VASES, SETTEES, ETC., FOR
GARDENS AND LAWNS.
Send for a Catalogue.

766-7

BALL, BLACK & CO.

Have received a superior lot of Watches suitable for the Racing Season. Also, an article at very low price, especially for Horse Timing, denoting 1-4 and 1-5 seconds.

RACING PLATE in every variety on hand. Designs executed to order, and estimates given.

565 AND 567 BROADWAY.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

RIMMEL'S 52 EXTRACTS.

FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF.

Trade Mark.



IHLANG-IHLANG,
VANDA,
WHITE ROSE,
GRANDE DUCHESSE,
JOCKEY CLUB,
GUARDS,
CHINESE BOUQUET.

RIMMEL, Perfumer, Paris and London.

EDWARD GREY & CO.,

38 Vesey street, New York, Sole Agents for the U. S.



THE OLDEST, LARGEST, AND MOST Perfect Manufactory in the United States. Will be delivered in any part of the United States reached by express (where they have no agent), FREE OF CHARGE, on receipt of list price. Address GEO. A. PRINCE & CO., Buffalo, N. Y. GEO. A. PRINCE & CO., Chicago, Ill.



THE NEW TREATMENT OF RHEUMATISM with effervescent preparations is working wonders, and it is a part of the medical record of the age, that the famous preparation based on an analysis of the Seltzer Spring, and known as TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT, stands at the head of all remedies ever prescribed for this agonizing disease. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.